

WORLD OF

HORROR

MONTHLY No. 9 30p

EXCLUSIVE
INTERVIEW WITH
SHELIA KEITH: A
DISTAFF KARLOFF?

THE ELUSIVE
BARBARA STEELE

SPECIAL
EFFECTS WINNERS

CURRENT FILMS
PLUS NOSTALGIA
SCREAM SCENE

The Reincarnation of Peter Proud



SYNOPSIS

Peter Proud, a successful architect, is an American Jew who, despite suffering from recurrent depression, tries to live a regular pattern despite the odd detail and end as nightmares. Proud is a gifted, honest, honest man who is certain that he has begun taking and crying out in his sleep in a voice not his own.

The two dreams, both featuring the same young couple unknown to Proud in his waking life, continue to plague the young man with their regularly and dreadful intensity. He seeks medical

series of tests devised by a university colleague, Sam Goodman, a parapsychologist. The tests prove inconclusive, and Proud is more depressed than ever. By chance, while attempting to relax before the bar, he is confronted by a documentary film featuring the familiar landscapes of his dreams, photographed many years before his birth.

He determines to find the town and discover what strange link it has with him and his possible past lives.

This promising start of the fascinating subject of reincarnation features such "revelations" as Michael Sarrazin (FRANKLIN D. THE TRUE STORY, EYE OF THE CAT) and Margot Kidder (BLOOD SISTERS) and just might prove an excellent low-key thought-provoking thriller. Avoid Embassy plans to release every two weeks to keep your eyes peeled for it and watch these pages for our usual astute and profound critical observations.

CAST

Peter Proud Michael Sarrazin
Ann Curtis Jennifer O'Neill
Margot Kidder Margot Kidder
Mara Hayes Corinne Soule
Dr. Samuel Goodman Paul Hight
Jeff Curtis Tony Stephen
Dr. Frederick Spear Kenneth Burrell
Ella Curtis Asia Lee
Suzy Denise Scott
John Richards John Richards
Sonia Franklin Sonia Franklin
Fred Staphorst Fred Staphorst
Lester Lester
Paul Rivers Paul Rivers
Brenda Benham Brenda Benham
Addison Powell Addison Powell
Phyllis Clark Phyllis Clark
Gina Roland Gina Roland
Albert Henderson Albert Henderson
Conna Garrison Conna Garrison
Sara Lewis Sara Lewis
Mary Margaret Amato Mary Margaret Amato
Terry Grant Terry Grant
College Student Jacqueline Manning
Lab Assistant Mary Lou Harris
Dorothy Rutherford Dorothy Rutherford
Chick Steward Chick Steward
Aerology Lady Marion Money Eaton
Bookstore Clerk Shelley St. Clair

ABCP Presentation An Adult Encouraged Release
Colour by Technicolor in Presentation Running Time 104 minutes
Certificate "X"

CREDITS

Executive Producer Charles A. Pratt
Producer Frank Rosenberg
Director J. Lee Thompson
Written/Screenplay by Max Elrich
Music by Jerry Goldsmith
Production Executive John E. Remmer
Director of Photography Victor J. Kemper, A.S.C.
Art Director Jack Minton Smith
Set Designer Robert de Vries
Production Manager Michael Anderson
Post Production Supervisor Haskin Shuman
Production Manager Michael Anderson
Assistant Director David Rothman
Casting Irving Lurie
Assistant to Producer John Rosenberg
Construction Co-ordinator Wally Graham
Chief Stuntman Thomas Hayes
Key Grip Fred Fisher
Proprietor Howard Grinn
Second Assistant Directors Gary Dwyer, Ralph Squire
Costumers Oscar Radrizky, Helen Cox
Make Up Jack H. Young, Robert O. Bradovich, Michael Milgrom
Hair Styler Virginia Jones
Script Supervisor Mary Ann Wajane
Production Manager Andy Gilmore
Re-recording Mixer David Dockendorf
Sound Editor Bernard F. Pocus
Music Editor John Ceper, Jr.
Assistant Editor Terence Anderson

sets y



Above: One of the characters in *HOME- BODIES*. Below: *Homebodies* in a scary, gothic mood.



SYNOPSIS

HOME BODIES is advertised as a tale of murder and psychological horror, heavily laced with black humor. The plot concerns six peaceful elderly people, who have lived happily for many years in a "well-manicured" suburban neighborhood, scheduled to be demolished and replaced by an office high-rise. Unable to accept this drastic upheaval in the peaceful twilight of their days, the pensioners band together to resist, first using macho over-the-top tactics, finally indulging in incongruous violence in a

feeble attempt to forestall the inevitable loss of their home.

An excellent cast of well-known U.S. character actors has been assembled to portray these unfortunate victims of "progress" who discard a lifetime of respectability and compassion in a few days' return to the jungle in an admirable, but misguided, protest against the society which has forgotten and rejected them.

HOME BODIES is due for release through Avco Embassy Pictures this autumn.



Right: Mrs. Loomis (Ruth McDevitt) is found murdered by her husband (Jan Welfa).

CAST

Mr. Biskaly
Miss Emily
Mr. Sandy
Mrs. Loomis
Mama
Mr. Leonard
Miss Pollack
Mr. Crawford
Construction Boss
Construction Foreman
Apartment Supervisor
Woman in Fluffy Hat
Construction Worker
Policeman
Superintendent's Wife
Construction Worker
Investigative Inspector
Night Watchman

Peter Onorati
Frances Fuller
William Harnan
Ruth McDevitt
Paula Trueman
Ian Wolfe
Linda March
Douglas Fowley
Kathleen Tully
Wesley Lau
Norman Goetzschalk
Tanya Welton
Nicholas Lewis
Michael Johnson
Alma Du Bus
John Craig
Eileen Dyck
Joel De Marco

CREDITS

Produced by
Directed by
Executive Producer
Original Screenplay by
Music Composed and Conducted by
Song "Gassies Runaway"
Music by
Lyrics by
Director of Photography
Editor
Art Director
Set Decorator
Sound Mixer
Carpenter
Special Effects
Make Up
Color Consultant

Marshall Backler
Lerry Yust
James R. Lavitt
Larry Yust, Howard Kessler and
Bernard Sagall
Bernardo Segall
Jerome Kromberg
Isador Mandelkern
Peter Perazichia
John Rattak
Raymond Molyneux
Leroy Robbins
Lynn Barney
Donald Courtney
Linda Lane
Bonnie Prandegast

Running Time: 98 minutes. In Color. Certificate "K"
Avco Embassy Pictures (U.K.) Ltd.

PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE



PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE In issue 7, we gave you a pictorial preview of director-writer Brian De Palma's latest venture into the "horror" genre. (Many readers will remember the excellent thriller *BLOOD SISTERS* of a few years ago) *PHANTOM* emphasizes black humor and pathos more than straight chills, and we found it most absorbing.

As the abused composer Winslow Leach, whose tribulations drive him to madness, an involuntary pact with the devil, and destruction, De Palma has

intelligent and interesting actor, who gave an impressively creepy and ultimately quite sympathetic performance in *BLOOD SISTERS*. He makes a superb Phantom. Aided by a flowing cape and predatory bird-like mask, he manages the difficult task of radiating lunacy and menace, without losing the audience's empathy. Paul Williams, who also composed the music and lyrics of the very appealing rock score, contributes another fine interpretation, as the wicked pop tycoon Swan, who tricks the naive Winslow into the innocent but

ambitious singer, Phoenix (Jessica Hahn) into sharing his demerol in the role of Beef (a camp glitter-rock performer who becomes a victim of the Phantom's murderous rage). Gerrit Graham is very funny and likable.

There are countless witty references to earlier films, including the ultimate send-up of *PSYCHO*'s shower murder, a prison freakout reminiscent of the dining hall scene in Walsh's *WHITE HEAT*, and many pastiches from earlier versions of *THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*, especially the elaborate Claude Rains film *PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE* is one of the most worthwhile fantasy films we've seen in some time. Although it's primarily delightful visual and musical entertainment, it has some sombre things to say about the decadence of our artistic expression, and the added consequence of the thrill-seeking rock audience Don't mess it.

PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE released by 20th Century Fox through Fox Video Distribution. Written and Directed by Brian De Palma. Produced by Edward R. Rosenbaum. Executive Producer: Michael Mann. Paul Williams. Special Effects: Greg Auer. Cost: Paul Williams, William Feltz, George Wenzel, Harold DeLong, Anne Heche, Jeffrey Comner, Gerrit Graham, and introducing Jessica Hahn. Certificate "K".

CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS



Alan's unfunny practical jokes.

At last, Alan commences his dabbling in necromancy, using the genuine remains of a gentleman called Orville. His attempt to restore life to the cadaver is an apparent failure, and the others enjoy deriding him. Determined to get his own back, Alan insists upon bringing Orville back to the cottage to take part in more disgusting "games". Two actors and a caretaker left behind in the graveyard are suddenly strangled and killed by the dead, who

have risen after all. The corpses march towards the cottage, and the survivors must fight their squabbles in a desperate attempt to reach Alan's boat and escape from the island.

COMMENTS

This very cheap and lazy film was thrown together by a group of horror buffs in Florida, and has achieved something of a "cult" status, especially in the U.S. Quite a few serious enthusiasts are very keen on it, but for each his own, and all that I thought it was abominable. It can't really be placed in the "so-bad-it's funny" category, as the performers are attempting a tongue-in-cheek approach

(see the recent *DR. DEATH*) and the entertainingly good-bad film is nearly always one that has been made in dead seriousness. Here, the jolky script and smirking delivery of the anarchicist cast is marvellously unconvincing.

In all fairness, the classic segment, in which the dead rise up to take revenge upon the intruders is not without merit, although it's familiar stuff (*NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD*, *PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES*, et al.). The cast is so-so, with the marginal exceptions of a rosy-cheeked comedian, Jeffrey Gillen, Andy Trimby (portraying Alan) who is desecrative, and one Seth Sklarer, who has the advantage of portraying the most sympathetic character, Orville, the corpse God, and those cardboard and paper-mache tombstones bearing the names of the cast and crew don't help much. This film has been on the circuits with *BLUE BLOOD*, which is even worse. Stay home.

CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS A Benjamin Clark film, starring Alan Trimby, Jeffrey Gillen, Seth Sklarer, Maudie Pugh, and Seth Sklarer. Music by Carl Zeller. Produced by Benjamin Clark and Gary Cook. Written and Directed by Benjamin Clark. Ghoul makeup by Alan Trimby.

Who was possessed by the Devil at Longleat?

OLIVER REED

in

Blue Blood

SYNOPSIS

Gregory, the lord of Swenbrook, a beautiful "stately home", complete with game farm, is obsessed with preserving his heritage for future generations, and prides himself on his treatment of his servants as "equals". (When that's in a good mood.) His butler Tom, (Oliver Reed) conceals his loathing for his master, beneath a servile facade, while stirring rebellion amongst the other servants. The new governess, Bessie (Meg Wynn Owen) is plagued by strange sensations of violence, and hallucinations of occult ceremonies led by Tom, and involving the death of Gregory's young son, Lily (Fiona Lewis). Gregory's wife, is a singer, often away from home, and Carlotta, who dabbles with Gregory in his absence, is easily influenced by the scheming Tom. At last, Bessie is driven by Tom's influence to brutalise the children, and is dismissed. Aided by Carlotta, Tom drags Gregory, who experiences a terrifying nightmare, which destroys his will completely. Tom is now able to take over control of Swenbrook, the children, Lily, and Gregory himself.

COMMENTS

This film boasts lovely colour photography (Harry Waxman), and interesting performances from an excellent cast, including Oliver Reed, Fiona Lewis, Derek Jacobi, and Meg Wynn Owen, (especially good as the neurotic nanny who gets caught up in the butler's plan to usurp her weak-willed employer's position). The tatty script and slow pacing make it extremely tedious, however, and a similar plot has been handled to much better effect in *THE SERVANT*. The occult angle is presented very clumsily, and it's difficult at times to know just what is going on, as "Tom" induces hallucinations of black masses, murder and suicide, to undermine the will of his victims.

BLUE BLOOD was filmed on location at Longleat House, and it's all very pretty to look at, if you can stay awake. L.K.

I DON'T WANT TO BE BORN



COMMENTS

It is difficult to ascertain whether this film was actually intended to be taken seriously, but the end result certainly provides more laughs than chills. In the lengthy course of events, we are asked to accept the rather venerable, if still glamorous, John Collins not only as the mother of an infant but as a stripper, Ralph Bates as her upper-crust Italian spouse, and Eileen Atkins (James are rough) as his sibling, a nun, for starters.

The flashbacks to la Collins' pre-marital career as an exotic dancer had the preview audience rolling in the aisles, and the dialogue of the whole film has to be heard to be believed. We discover, during the mother's gassy reminiscences that her property's size, strength, and decadent churlish disposition is the result of a curse delivered by a lecherous dwarf named Hercules whose amorous advances she had refused.

At last, after four gruesome deaths, a great deal of general aggro, and interminable travelogue-type scenes of all the top tourist spots in London, the evil influence is conquered by Sister Albana who reads an exorcism service over the child. The horrid Hercules deservedly drops dead, and the abandoned infant gurgles happily for the first time in his short, if very hectic, life.

Donald Pleasance is wasted in a few brief scenes, as Dr Finch, who delivers the possessed baby, and attempts to find a scientific explanation for its peculiarities, only to end up deceased in the "troubled family's" back garden (along with most of the troubled family). For "crumpet" freaks, there's toothy Caroline Munro as a chum of the distressed heroine, plus sundry strippers and nightclub-dancers.

The "arty" bits, like an attempt at a pretty DONT LOOK NOW-style sex scene, a nightmare sequence, and the attack murders, are ineptly handled, and serve only to contribute to the banality encouraged by a script full of howlers and the bizarre casting.

The final exorcism sequence is rather over-the-top and lacks power, although Ms Atkins does her considerable best with the material. The baby itself is used very well, and picked up an award for "Best performance" at this spring's International Festival Of Science Fiction & Fantasy Films in Paris. Credit for this coup must go to Editor Henry Richardson and director Peter Sealey (who has little else to boast about, as far as the subject is concerned).

STORY

A male baby born with a built-in hatred of people, particularly of its own parents, Lucy and Gino Collins (John Collins and Ralph Bates) is the focal

point of a story, set in modern London, that is as extraordinary as it is terrifying.

The birth itself is not only an exceptionally difficult one, but the atmosphere surrounding it seems to be charged with a strange and indefinable "manoe". Even stranger are the events that follow.

The baby, remarkable for its size and strength at birth, makes its entry into the world with a vicious physical attack on its mother. And, as each day passes, its ferocity increases. So does its strength, which reaches phenomenal, almost superhuman proportions.

It repeatedly turns its nursery into a shambles. It takes a sadistic delight in inflicting hurt and injury. And for its parents it makes life a living hell.

Dr Finch (Donald Pleasance) the medical in charge, as baffled he thinks the baby's aggressive nature and strength are due to hereditary factors, or to the effect of some pre-natal conditions.

But Sister Albana (Eileen Atkins) a Nun who has studied animal pathology, has a different theory.

"Is it possible," she asks, "for the baby NOT to want to be born, and then take revenge as a 'possessed being'?" That would mean the baby would be under some kind of "curse".

Her theory is unacceptable to Dr Finch. As a medical man it would mean his acceptance of the supernatural of which science needs proof.

As he and Sister Albana pursue their separate investigations, one scientifically, the other spiritually, the baby's violence and aggressive behaviour reaches a new high with its involvement in a series of particularly horrifying murders.

Although too late to prevent these tragedies, it is Sister Albana who finally exposes the hideous truth in a climax that is bizarre and frightening.

CAST

Lucy
Sister Albana
Dr Finch
Gino
Mandy
Mrs. Hyde
Johnny
Jill
Hercules
Shells
Police Inspector
Police Sergeant
Priest
Nun
Delivery Boy
Old Lady
Nurses
Strippers
Dancers

Jean Collins
Gwen Atkins
Donald Pleasance
Ralph Bates
Caroline Munro
Helen Mason
John Bannister
Janet Kay
George Canning
Jack Buerke
Derek Benfield
Stanley Labor
John Moore
Phyllis McManus
Andrew Secombe
Eileen Knight
Florence Benjamin and Penny Dore
Strippers
Dancers

CREDITS

Director
Executive Producer
Screenplay by
Original Story by
Music Composed and Conducted by
Production Supervisor
Director of Photography
Art Director
Editor
Cinematographer
Phot Assistant Director
Carnegie Operator
Cordell
Wardrobe Supervisor
Make Up
Hairdresser
Sound Recording
Sound Editor
Dubbing Mixer
Assistant Art Director
Special Effects
Assistant to the Director
Produced by

Peter Sealey
Nate De Angelis
Starley Price
Nate De Angelis
Ron Grimes
Christopher Sutton
Kenneth Telford
Roy Storrard
Keith Palmer
John Madden
David Breckford
Bob Kindred
Renee Dymally
Brandy Dubois
Eileen Knight
Stephen King
Kevin Sutton
Don Chis
Dubbing Mixer
Gordon K. MacLellan
Ted Ambrose
Ben Lufford
Jill Bander
Rank Film Laboratories, Denmark, England

Running Time: 1 hour, 34 minutes. Certificate 'X'

THE GHOUL

COMMENTS

THE GHOUL is hampered by a very slow start, depicting a lot of gawping and bawling by rather incongruous-looking, obviously bewigged "flappers" but once it does get under way it's a fine effort despite its flaws. The familiar moorland rambles are affectively eerie, and the sinister house, with its strange combination of homeliness and horror is entirely successful in providing "somewhere".

Peter Cushing is given a juicy role, and makes the most of it, to provide a fascinating portrait of a failed missionary, to all appearances a dear old eccentric, who is forced to allow some pretty hideous goings-on to sustain his son, the ghoul. It must be mentioned that we never really get much of an explanation for the origin of the unfortunate creature of the title, or his place in the massive rites of the Aylsh he lovingly lures, menacing,

yet not unsympathetic performance from Gwen Watford who appears to be an adherent of some cult of Kai (although one suspects the cultural anthropology aspects of this film are not particularly accurate).

We also meet the traditional dim and psychotic "gardener" who helps with the gentry's dirty work, enacted by John Hurt. His thoughtful interpretation of a stereotyped cartoon character is amazingly convincing. The hero/victim characters, are, as usual, rather silly, obnoxious types. A shame, as with a

little more attention to these weak spots, THE GHOUL might have been real glass material. It might also have been wiser to keep the "monster" only partly visible. These grey, spooly feet peeping about are very nasty, but in the end, he's just a wrestler-type bloke with a "Ghoul" cut and a green face. THE GHOUL is far from perfect, but its inherently super-stylish subject matter, splendid performances and art direction make for an above-average foray into the macabre.

*See issue 4 for synopsis and more photos

CAST

Dr. Lawrence	Peter Cushing
Tom	John Hurt
Angela	Alexandre Bessada
The Aylsh	Gwen Watford
Daughter	Vanessa Carlton
The Ghoul	Don Henderson
Silly	Steven Remy
Goatfayr	Ian McCulloch
Young Man	John D. Collins
Police Sergeant	Don Maclennan

CREDITS A Tyburn Film

Producer	Kevin Francis
Director	Freddie Francis
Screenplay	John Elder
Production Manager	Ron Jackson
Director of Photography	John Wilson B.S.C.
Art Director	Jack Sherrington
Composer	Harry Robinson
Musical Supervisor	Philo Marrell
Costume Designer	Anthony Richardson
Film Editor	Henry Richardson
Continuity	Patricia Davies
Assistant Art Director	Peter Williams
Assistant Director	Peter Saunders
Cars & Driver	James Bewick
Sound Mixer	John Brownridge
Wardrobe Supervisor	Bridge Sellers
Made Up	Ray Ashton and Jeremy Gower
Hairdresser	Joan Carpenter
Assistant to the Producer	Lorraine Farrell

Length 7.86 feet. Running Time 1 hour, 28 minutes. Certificate "X"

Above: THE GHOUL is greatly aided by the fine acting of Gwen Watford and Peter Cushing

Top Right: The ghoul (Don Henderson) advances on a cowering Angela (Alexandre Bessada)

THE BRITISH PETER CUSHING FAN CLUB



Now in its 12th year, the BFCF has a membership of around 300, presided over by President Gladys Fletcher, and vice-president Janet Morgan, both of whom have been most helpful to WOJ. Quarterly newsletters keep members informed of Mr. Cushing's career activities, and feature reviews, appreciations, poetry, etc. by members, photos too, whenever possible. Members also get the opportunity to do some charity work for the Canterbury Association for the Deaf, and the response has been excellent. Mr. Cushing gives the club his full support, and personally keeps the officers informed of the latest goings-on. The membership fee is £1 annually for the UK, and £2 for overseas members. Cheques, POs (uncrossed) and International Money Orders should be made payable to Gladys Fletcher, 2 Woodhouse Square, Ipswich IP4 1NE. Suffolk. Same address for enquiries, and don't forget those SAEs!

A PETER CUSHING FILMOGRAPHY

HOLLYWOOD YEAR	TITLE	ROLE	YEAR	TITLE	ROLE
1939	The Man In The Iron Mask	Cavalry Officer	1953	*The Evil Of Frankenstein	Baron Frankenstein
1940	The Clumps At Oxford	Student	1954	*The Begotten	Dr. Nemero
	Vigil In The Night	Joe Shand		*Dr. Terror's House Of Horrors	Dr. Shreck
	Laddie	Robert Pryor	1955	*She	Major Holly
	Women In War			*Dr. Who And The Daleks	Dr. Who
1941	They Ours Not Love	Lieutenant		*The Skull	Christopher Medland
			1958	*Island Of Terror	Dr. Brian Stanley
				*Daleks Invasion A.O. 2160	Dr. Who
			1967	*Frankenstein Created Woman	Beron Frankenstein
				Some May Live	John
				*Night Of The Big Heat	Dr. Stone
				*Torture Garden	Lancelot Canning
			1966	*Blood Beast Terror	Inspector Quennell
				*Corruption	Sir John Rowan
			1969	*Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed	Baron Frankenstein
				*Incense For The Damned	Dr. Goodrich
				*Scream And Scream Again	Benedek
				*One More Time	Dr. Frankenstein (Cameo)
				*The House That Dripped Blood	Philie
			1970	*The Vampire Lovers	The General
				*I, Monster	Uterson
				*Twins Of Evil	Gustav Weil
			1971	*Tales From The Crypt	Grimsdale
				*Dracula, A.D. 1872	Van Helsing
				*Fear In The Night	Michael Carmichael
				*Dr. Phibes Rises Again	Captain (Cameo)
				*Horror Express	Dr. Wells
			1972	*The Creeping Flesh	Dr. Hildren
				*Asylum	Smith
				*Nothing But The Night	Sir Mark Ashley
				*And Now The Screaming Starts	Dr. Pope
				*Frankenstein And The Monster From Hell	Baron Frankenstein
			1973	*Satanic Rites Of Dracula	Van Helsing
				*Madhouse	Herbert
			1974	*The Beast Must Die	Dr. Lundgren
				*The Ghoul	Dr. Lawrence
			1975	*Legend Of The Werewolf	Paul Castellanque
				*Tender Obscure	(not yet released in the UK)

Thanks to the British Peter Cushing Club for providing the greater part of this list. Mr. Cushing has, of course, done extensive stage and TV work, which, regrettably, we haven't space to list. The * indicates a film of special interest to horror-fantasy lovers.

SORENSEN

LEGEND HORROR CLASSICS

This new poster/comic mag is most unusual in format and appearance, and when you get used to it, is instantly entertaining. The first issue features a solid adaptation of Strindberg's *DRACULA*, illustrated by Kevin O'Neil. It's probably the most gruesome treatment of the tale we've seen to date, complete with reaping combes getting their heads blown off by vampire blasts, decapitated buttons, and a super disintegration for the Count. Ghouly, but very, very funny. The only problem is that the tale is a bit difficult to follow, in the well-out-forget, but after fumbling a bit, you do get the gist of it. I was reminded of the old EC horror comics, it's all incredibly vulgar, violent, and breathlessly humorous entertainment. In addition, there's a 18" x 20" pin-up of Christopher Lee as Dracula, and some bits and pieces of vampire lore, plus a short filmography of major pictures featuring the ever popular Lord Of The Undead. Adult readers might wish for more and "disgust" fact, but **LEGEND HORROR CLASSICS** is a properly a comic and not a film one, although future issues promise each goodness as adaptations of *THE SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD*, and *KING KONG VS. GODZILLA*. It's always good to see a new mag for horror fans, and this one makes up in vitality and silliness for its possible lack of subtlety and taste. Good value for 28p and a recommended purchase. (As a bonus, there's a lovely portrait of Peter Cushing as Dr. Frankenstein, by talented London artist Steve Jones).

If you're unable to obtain this unique and truly grotesque mag locally, order it direct from Legend Publishing, 54 Stockwell Park Crescent, London S.W.8 (28p includes P+P)

DR.WHO

ERRATTA TIME (Moan-) Our apologies to David Hardy and his colleagues at **ASTRO ART** for several howlers which insidiously crept into our issue 7 feature (never turn your back on a howler!) A) The captions on page 37 are incorrect. B) Mr Hardy was not credited for the beautiful illustration which graced our back cover. C) Granada Books were not credited for permission to reprint the illustration on pg 38, and D) Mr Lawrence Keens, author of the piece was not given a byline. Not bad for one article. Seriously, though, we are very sorry about the errors and omissions, and extend our thanks to the **ASTRO ART** people for providing us with the material in the first place, and for letting us live.

DR. WHO enthusiasts and admirers of Tom Baker will surely obtain a comic rush from the colourful poster zine which has been living up to the newsmag's displays of late. There are snippets of text, but mainly it's a visual treat, with a jazzy Kevin O'Neil cover, many b&w pics, 2 large pin-ups of the Dr., and 2 excellent colour portraits of creatures from the last series, with a Steve Jones drawing of Baker as a bonus. Very entertaining, and if you don't see it in your local shops we advise sending a PO for 35p to Legend Publishing, 54 Stockwell Park Crescent, London S.W. 8. (As it's a "one-off" mag and numbers are limited, delays may prove **DISASTROUS!**)

Incidental Admission Dept. We are always delighted to see fiction manuscripts, reader artwork, film reviews, etc., and we swear on our copy of the **NECROMICRON** that everything is read and given full consideration. We can't offer worldly rewards, but anything published will be fully credited. Unfortunately, however, we can NOT accept responsibility for any material submitted, and cannot return material without SAE (The way we walk is thorny, and the budget is low...)

Our brass friends at the **HORROR ELITE** club inform us that they are planning a special extra journal issue this fall to celebrate the anniversary of *Messenger* films. This appreciation should be in the vicinity of 100 pages, and will contain as many good, unusual bits as the merged officers can obtain. *Elite membership details available from Mrs. S. Cowie, 208 Lonsdale Lane, Larkfield, Maidstone, Kent ME20 6HU (Enquire SAE)*



THE ACTORS' COMPANY is currently touring with the very first stage adaptation of Gaston Leroux's famous novel, *THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*. It's advertised as being a match more accurate representation of the story than any of the popular film versions. We're reviewing it elsewhere, in this issue, but to obtain a list of tour dates, ring the Company's office 01-437-8824.



Above scene from *DOOM SAVAGE*



The fifth International Festival of Science-Fiction & Fantasy Films was held in Paris, this April. Films were awarded by an international jury, with the beautiful and prestigious Golden Unicorn going to *THE HEPHAESTUS PLIAGE*, Producer William Cestier's latest chiller. The best scenery was judged to be *DIAD OF NIGHT* (not the odds, but another recent U.S. effort unseen here so far). Best Actor was the baby (B) in *Peter Sassy's I DON'T WANT TO BE BORN* now on release from Fox-Bank, and Dan Curtis and Richard Matheson received a special award for *DRACULA* (the Palace version) and *AMELIA*, which has appeared on U.S. TV. Fifty thousand filmmakers and fans descended on Paris for the occasion, which included a Hammer retrospective, and other golden odds, amidst the new films of 12 nations. The immense success of the festival is an incentive to all serious devotees of horror/fantasy films.

Keep those rummy eyes peeled for these upcoming releases in the fantasy genre: *DOOM SAVAGE*, *THE MAN OF BRONZE*, with Ken Fly as the hardy "gully" adventurer *STEPPENWOLF*, a very promising adaptation of Hesse's novel, with the excellent

Max Sydow as Harry Haller, *THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW*, *IMPUSE* with William Shatner, *SEIZURE* with Jonathan Frid of *DARK SHADOWS* renews. Full reports on these and other new productions at the pre-release material reaches our eager claws. Also, pleased to announce that Harryhausen's 7th *VOYAGE OF SINBAD* is due for re-release, but beware of cuts in the station sequence, made to assure a U certificate. (Gumble)

BORIS MacCABE

Reader and future magal Andrew Johnson was kind (I) enough to lend us this photo of a chap known to the world as "Boris MacCabe". He started out with a band called the Falcons, and introduced a skull into the act (Boris' real name is Key- something, and he dyed it was a growling, just like Rod Stewart. Anyway, he accidentally inserted this skull, printed in red, stuck some false hair on it, and a star was born — Boris, that is). Today he tours London pubs with a disco, and is evidently doing quite well. Personally, I don't think Boris is quite my idea of the ideal pub entertainer, especially if he's just possibly a poet or so over the line — however, chucks a ion guitar, and all that.



We have just heard of a new club called **THE HORROR APPRECIATION SOCIETY**, which may be of interest... Six newsletters a year are published, which include articles on horror personalities, classic fantasy films, and reviews of current films in the genre. We haven't yet seen their work, but membership is a reasonable £1.00 a year, and co-founder is the British Peter Cushing Club's official photographer Michael Stotter. For further details on membership, send him an SAE at 42 Haleswood Road, Wansstead, E 11.

Leonard Wolf, author of *A DREAM OF DRACULA*, (a beautiful, thoughtful study of modern man's obsession with the vampire), is due to release his definitive edition of Stoker's novel, *THE ANNOTATED DRACULA*, this summer. It will include voluminous notes on the original text, spiced with hundreds of drawings, maps, calendars, etc., etc., calculated to warm the undead cookies of many a Draculaophile's black heart. We've not yet seen a copy, but Wolf has proved himself a scholarly and sensitive expert on the subject. (He also lectures in English Lit at San Francisco State University, where, along with Chavner, et al, he teaches a course called "Dracula: The Patron Saint Of The 70's"). *THE ANNOTATED DRACULA*, will be published in the U.S. by Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., but the price and its U.K. distributor are not yet known to us. Looks like a winner, though, and we look forward to reading it.

EXCLUSIVE- World of Horror Interviews SHELIA KEITH



Shelia Keith, who is a native of Scotland, was trained at the Webber Douglas School of Singing and Drama in London.

Her West End work includes her performance at the Queens Theatre as 'Miss Erickson' in *PRESENT LAUGHTER*, and she appeared with Ginger Rogers at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in a 'pas de de resistance'; three separate characters in *MAME*, which was a great success. Theatre work out of London includes visits to Liverpool Playhouse, Belgrade Theatre, Coventry, The Bristol Old Vic Company, Richmond, and she has appeared at the Thorndike Theatre, Lichfield, on many occasions. Most recently she appeared at the Palace Theatre, Westcliff in *FOLLOW THAT HUSBAND*.

Television work is extensive, and includes her very successful portrayal of 'Mrs. Talifer' a running character in the A.T.V. series, *MRS THURSDAY*, the FLAXTON BOYS, and KATE, Yorkshire T.V., *Z CARS*, the MOONSTONE, HEARTS AND FLOWERS, the UNPLEASANTNESS AT THE BELLONA CLUB, THE

REGIMENT, THE PALLISERS, and THE LIVER BIRDS, B.B.C. Television, SPRING AND AUTUMN and MOODY AND PEGG for Thames Television and FATHER BROWN for A.T.V. Most recently she appeared as 'Mrs. Stoenforth' in *DAVID COPPERFIELD*, B.B.C. Television.

Shelia's films include *YOU ARE AWFUL*, directed by Cliff Owen, *HOUSE OF WHIPCORD*, *FRIGHTMARE* and *THE CONFESIONAL*, all directed by Peter Walker.

She is currently filming *THE BALLET SHOES* for B.B.C. Television and is shortly to start a new series of *MOODY AND PEGG* for Thames Television as 'Aunt Effie'.

Although Ms. Keith is a newcomer to the 'horror' genre, we were so impressed by her performances in the nasty *HOUSE OF WHIPCORD*, and the even nastier *FRIGHTMARE*, that we wanted to find out more about her. Very few women have made a major mark on the history of the horror-fantasy film, but we think that given worthy material, Shelia Keith has the talent and personal appeal to do just that. Her next excursion into the macabre will be yet another Peter Walker shocker, *THE CONFESIONAL*, due this fall. (Our front cover is an excellent, unadvertised, A-never-before-published shot of the Keith character's unfortunate end, in the upcoming film. Many thanks to Mr. Walker for his permission to print it.)

Our interviewer KAREN BYRD recently chatted with Ms. Keith about her very distinguished show business career, and her new identification with 'horror' roles. The conversation took place in a BBC TV canteen during a break in the filming of *BALLET SHOES*, a children's series in which Keith has a major role.



Top: A costume role outstage.
Above: In *PRESIDENT LAUGHTER*.
Background: In the new film *CONFESIONAL*.



When did you first become interested in acting?
As far back as I can remember, I just can't remember how young I was. It must have been very back in my childhood.

Did you go to the theatre a lot when you were a child?
Yes I did. Quite a lot in Aberdeen where I was brought up.

Were your parents on the stage at all?
No they had nothing to do with it.

How did your parents react to you wanting to become an actress?
Well actually I wasn't brought up by my parents, my mother died when I was a baby and my father went abroad, so I was brought up by a sort of Granny and Grandpa and Auntie in Aberdeen.

How did they react?
Well by that time, I had been taken away from them to my father's side of the family—an Aunt and Uncle and they disapproved very strongly indeed they were very narrow-minded, but my mother's side were thrilled. Whatever I did was O.K. with them, but my father's side were dead against it.

Do you prefer Stage, T.V. or Film Work?
I think we all love the Theatre the best, of course Theatre work is so scarce these days.

What parts in the theatre do you prefer to play?
I like anything. I am very fond of Comedy because I think it's more difficult to do, I usually do play comedy but I enjoy whatever I do, I don't mind what it is.

Would you like to appear in a long run of a play?
I have done, I think it depends on the part you're playing and the company you're with. If you're with a nice company, it can be very enjoyable. You do get a bit tired if you have been on for a year, or fifteen months or something, it does get to be a bit of an effort.

If you were touring, do you think it would make any difference?
Well I don't know. I would not like the idea of touring now, when you are younger it's O.K. but I don't think it's much fun living away from home now, and I mean things like the old theatre dogs don't exist anymore.

Have you any idea why Peter Walker picked you for the part (*HOUSE OF WHIPCORD*)?
No not a clue, Peter Walker was asked this on Capitol Radio and he said he just knew of my work, and he had this part in *Whipcord* so he asked me if I would be interested.

and I want to see him and I said yes, I'll have a crack at it. I had never done anything like this in my life, before playing such a rather frightening prison warden's creature and that's how it all started.

I wondered if he had seen you in anything and visualized you playing the part.

I honestly don't know.

Did you enjoy playing the part?

Oh yes! Out of the three, which did you enjoy playing the most? I have enjoyed them all, but in very different ways. They have all been totally different, you see, I mean **FRIGHTMARE**'s quite different from **WHIPCORD**, and the new film, **THE CONFESSIONAL**, is totally different again. But super parts.

How long did it take to make them?

Four weeks! He makes the whole thing in about four weeks.

Fantastic!

Do you enjoy going out on locations instead of being in a studio?

Well I have not had any experience of filming in studios. Television's quite different, I don't mind working on location. In fact, it's rather better, I think really, you're on an actual farm, or whatever.

Have you had any other offers to make Horror Films?

Well, no. You see, the things that I do in between are like this thing I am doing now, and **DAVID**

COPPERFIELD which was the last thing I did for the B.B.C. which was over Christmas, couldn't be more of a contrast. You see directors and people in T.V. know me as something entirely different, and they don't go to Horror films and probably haven't seen them, anyway.

Have you seen any of your own films in the Cinema?

Well, some friends of mine wanted to see them and instead that I went with them, so that they wouldn't be too frightened, so I had gone heavily disguised in dark glasses to the London Pavilion in the dark, if you know what I mean — but I have seen them. Peter Walker always has a preview, but I think it's quite interesting to see it with an audience.

Did you find any scenes nauseating in any of the three films?

One of the actresses was a bit upset about a scene in the new film **THE CONFESSIONAL** because I think she was frightfully religious. I don't really know. It is a shocking

scene I would think it will shock people very much. To me, it was just a part. I think you have to look at it like that, it's a job of work and you just have to get on with it. Did you find it a challenge making such a big switch from Comedy to Horror?

Yes it was a challenge. It was like when I first said to Pete "well yes alright I'll have a go at it, and see how I get on."

Did you find yourself taking it seriously or did you play it tongue in cheek?

Oh no! Not at all, you can't do that. You see, with Peter's films we have great fun doing them, we have a good old laugh, actually, but I think one's got to be as truthful as one can, otherwise it just doesn't come off. I think in his type of horror, I mean in certain types, maybe they do, do it tongue-in-cheek. I just don't know —

Seeing it on the big screen, did you ever think to yourself, well, "how did I do that?"

No, not really, you just do it and there it is.

Would you mind continuing to make Horror films?

No I am only too happy to work at anything.

Are you getting any mail over these Horror Films?

I have had one or two very nice letters, mostly from people who know me or have met me, but I haven't had any nasty ones to my relief — particularly after

WHIPCORD. I thought I might get some letters from — or — kinky ladies, but I haven't. I'm happy to say, or if I have, my agent or Peter Walker have received them, and said "Don't let her see that!" What entertainment do you prefer to go to?

Theatre or Film — something that just takes me out of myself, it could be a drama or it could be musical — something that I just sit back and am transported into another world, but I don't think it happens much today, something where you're just swept away what I mean is a bit of glamour, I'm a bit square, a bit old-fashioned really.

Have you seen any of the spics like **THE TEN COMMANDMENTS** and **ELDORADO**?

No, haven't. They don't really appeal to me.

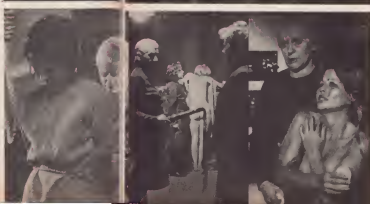
Did you like **THE SOUND OF MUSIC**?

I adored that, although I thought I wouldn't.

What have you found the most challenging part to play on either Stage or screen?

I would say these Horror Films,

Some unpleasant moments from **HOUSE OF WHIPCORD**



because they are so different to the sort of work that I have been doing. Have you ever done anything like these Horror Films before?

Well I suppose when I was in **Rap** when one played the murderer or somebody with a hatchet, but not this sort of thing.

Is there any particular part you would like to play on either Stage or Film, any character?

No, nothing, I suppose there was when I was young, but I don't anymore.

How did you find it working for Peter Walker?

Peter is like a one man band, and he has a marvellous crew. He has the same crew for each film, the same lighting, the same camera, the same sound, and it's marvellous. It's like "one big family" they just fit in, and work with him once a year or whatever it is, it's a lovely atmosphere.

Would you tell us something about the new film you're just finished? (**CONFESSIONAL**)

In it, I have played a priest 30 years before the film, the priest played by Tony Sherry, and I became the house-keeper and look after his old mother (Hilda Berry), and in the film I'm just mad about him, I confess my love for him at last, and come to a nasty end.

Do you think it will get any complaints from the Catholic Church?

I imagine it will be very shocking for them. Peter Walker is hoping that it will shock them, it's like with **FRIGHTMARE**, he said "I want people to go out halfway through clutching their stomachs. That means I've succeeded."

Did any of the scenes from **FRIGHTMARE** turn your stomach?

I'll tell you what did in **FRIGHTMARE**, the girl put the poker through — There had to be this shot of her, showing the hole, so the make-up man George Hayward came along with his little box and started to make this hole, and I was standing close by, and I just had to turn away, it was so realistic, and yet one knew it was make-up. I remember one of the chaps saying "Was it my imagination or did you turn green?" I said "Well I felt a bit green, it looked so real!"

Do you think if Peter had a bigger budget he could do any better?

I don't know enough about it. I think they come over extremely well, but I don't understand the budgeting of film making at all.

Do you have any trouble learning your lines?
No. I mean, I have to work at it. I have to preferably sit upright at a table to learn my lines, it's no good sitting back or sitting in bed or I would doze off. Some people get up at five o'clock but I have to do it at night. But that's just my way of doing it, I say it out loud and go over it and over it. I don't think it comes easily to anyone, it's different if you're rehearsing for four weeks, or something like that and you can learn it practically as you go along, of course, but with timing it's a little swift.

Have you ever watched a Horror Film?

No never, and I have never been to a sex film.



Do you think they should include sex in a horror film or should they be kept separate?

No, I think they are best kept separate. I really don't know— Would have preferred the films you made to have been costume parties?

No, not really. Do you believe in Censorship in films and plays?

No, I think it's better not to have censorship. I mean, everyone has a choice, they don't have to go and watch sex or horror films, and there are people who want to watch these things, there seems to be a need for it. I don't think they should be banned, because it would drive it all underground and we would be back to what it used to be like, in clubs and back streets and ghettos. I don't know if that's right or not.

Do you prefer doing costume parts?

No not really. *Caperfield* was costume but I don't think I enjoyed it more because of that.

How tall are you?

Well people have often asked me this because they either say I look very tall, or like a housewife. I remember when I was in PRESENT LAUGHTER which was on at the Queens in 1966 I played "Miss Erickson," a housekeeper in a great big tweed skirt and pinnels and I remember someone coming up to me and saying "I thought you were huge", and sometimes on television on people think you're the size of a house, but I'm only 5'6 1/2" in my bare feet. Being a British makes one look a bit taller, but I think heights are very deceptive. I saw Desirée, for instance, when she was over here, and I'd always imagined her to be very tall, a willowy person, but she's quite tiny.

Do you prefer to play to a live audience?

Yes. I think we all do, it's more rewarding, you know it's happening with a live audience. On television you just don't know.

Does it affect your performance playing comedy before a camera?

No, it's just different.

Have you done any parts where you have to sing?

Yes in *MAME* with Ginger Rogers at Groucho Lane but, I was only involved in ensemble singing.

Did you meet Ginger Rogers much?

I did all my scenes with her, I played three parts and she was on all the time.

Did she leave an impression on you?

I would not be her for anything in the world. I think she's a very lonely woman in spite of all the wealth, the husbands, the mother, I mean I wouldn't mind a little of her money. I think some of these Hollywood people are like that.

Do you think the more popular you get the more problems you have?

Possibly, I don't know.

You're going to work all the time in small parts?

Oh yes, yes!

What is the new film you're doing now for the S & C?

BALLET SHOES. It's taken from a children's book by Noel Streatfeild, she's written a lot of books, the *SECRET GARDEN* was one of them.

This one (*Ballet Shoes*) is about three little girls who go to ballet school and I play a guardian of these children who has to take in lodgers. It's about 1936. It's a marvellous story, and I think it's being released in October.

Is it all studio work?

They have been on location, but I was not involved in it, I think they did some Theatre shots in Brighton and they have been in the country somewhere.

You did a film with Dick Emery, *YOU ARE AWFUL*, can you tell us about it?

I did one morning in that. I played a lady Magistrate sentencing him for pinching a dog, one speech, and I made half hour comedy with Arthur Lowe. I played a bossy wife, poor little Arthur Lowe —

Do you find a lot of difference between film studios and t.v. studios?

Yes. Very different.

Do you have anything lined up after you finish *BALLET SHOES*?

I'm going to do two episodes of *MOODY AND PEG*.

Do you mind being typecast in the Horror Films, a female Boris Karloff?

Not a bit, wouldn't mind a bit.

What is your favourite comedy series to watch?

I love *Morcombe & Wise*, *Harry Worth* and *Dick Emery* (Arthur Lowe walked by at that moment, and I spoke commiserated on him.)

He's a very funny man. I used to work with him in Rep. He's a marvellous actor, he always was.

I think Rep is a great grounding. I think that's what a lot of young stars miss today in my day, you used to have to play anything and everything, sweep the stage and make the tea, and I think that's good for you. I wouldn't have missed it for anything. It's a marvellous grounding.

Do you like working with children?

These children are delightful. Some can be little monsters, but these three were chosen out of 600 from a Ballet school, and this is something quite new for them, they are very disciplined of course, completely unspoilt and very professional, sweet, children, I love them. We are very lucky. They could be nice.

Do you watch yourself on the T.V. at home?

It's agony, but I just have to, I hate it, but I make myself do it.

Have you ever been completely happy with your performance?

No, never, I may think well that's all right, yes, that's come out all right.

It's more or less what I wanted, but I wish I could do it again.

Are you very critical of your own work?

Yes, yes, I usually have to have a



large scratch before I set down to watch anything. I'm in. If you could live your life again would you make any changes? In my life, maybe but not my work, I love my work. As far back as I can remember I loved playing. Did you do any acting at school? Yes any chance I got, I loved it. Can you remember your first part in a school play? No, I don't, I think it was *EVERYMAN* but I can't remember my part, I was one of those — things — coming down the aisle, I can't remember what I was, it was so long ago. When did you find you could play comedy?

I suppose as my Rep days. That's where I found I could.

Did you ever work on the radio?

I did very little, during the 50's, I was so ill in the theatre.

Do you think the Theatre is dead?

No, I think it's going to come back, I think people are crying out for it, I think the provincial Theatre is definitely coming back, I really do.

People who live outside of London can't afford to come to London to the theatre, it's beyond their pocket when they have to pay for a meal, the films and the theatre. They would rather go to Brighton or Gaietyland or Richmond or Wimbledon.

Have you played Shakespeare?

Very little, only in Rep.

Do you like Shakespeare?

Yes, some of it, but I'm not a great classic type, I don't really understand it, it has to be explained to me, (laughed).

Is there any book you would like made into a film or play and would like to play one particular character?

No none at all, I may have done when I was younger, but not now.

Are you superstitious?

Yes. I touch wood, put salt over my shoulder, and I don't like telling about a job until it happens.

I think we are all like that really, I would not go and have my fortune told, I don't want to know, I would rather be surprised.

At this point, the cast of *BALLET SHOES* was required to return to work, and the conversation had to terminate. We are most grateful to Sheila Keash for consenting to be interviewed, and hope her career continues to prosper. We look forward to seeing you in more of her, both in the horror line and in straight vehicles.

Deposits page. One of M. Rosh's *MOODY & PEG* appearances.

Background: The cracked "Mrs. Yates" in *FRIGHTMARE* prepares to perpetrate a particularly gross murder.

AXOS

THE CLAWS OF

THE CLAWS OF AXOS is a Dr. Who series remembered with special fondness by many fans of the programme, so this month, we've decided to re-visit it via pictures, and the following comments by Dr. Who expert, SIMON SHORT.

In 1970, a Professor James Danielli put the scientific world into a turmoil with a claim to have created a living cell — that, he explained, was the first step to the production of animals more suited to man's society. The idea was both exciting and frightening, and most 'down-to-earth' people were prompted to consider the implications of a biological, rather than technological, creation. The claim was disproved, and today only a very few remember it, yet it gave Dave Martin and Bob Baker the idea for the more wondrously remembered *Claws of Axos* — a four-episode 1971 Dr. Who story.

A loach-shaped UFO lands in a desolate area of Britain and a government investigation committee arrives to inspect it, including the scientific advisor of the United Nations Intelligence Taskforce (the Doctor — at that time still in exile on earth) and his assistant (Jo Grant). A closer examination of the UFO reveals it to be an amber-orange colour, of a crystalline — almost fibreglass texture, and possessing a gaping jaw-like opening at what appears to be the front. Most importantly, it is not a meteorite, but a spaceship.

The 'jaw' is discovered to be the entrance, and upon entry they realise that the ship is not a mass of mechanical wizardry, but that it is alive.

Upon passing through a



gal-like door, they are received by five humanoid with golden skin and hair, and large stertusque eyes, who tell them that they are the sole survivors of a stellar flare which has destroyed their planet — their ship is now exhausted and they

need to regenerate. In spite of their desperate situation, the Axons are extremely friendly and offer 'Axonite' in return for permission to rest on earth. Axonite is the amber-orange substance that (when triggered) becomes an easily controllable life-form. It is this substance that has enabled the Axons to develop a non-technological civilisation, by adapting the living Axonite to their needs. Such a substance could revolutionise all life on earth, and a deal is made.



The Axonite is divided equally between the earth powers — as soon as this is done, the Axonite is to be triggered off. It is now that the Doctor becomes suspicious that Axons are too good to be true, and returns

to the Axon ship to learn of their plan to activate the Axonite against the humans. He is captured by the ship's defence systems and interrogated by an eye-like organism deep in the ship. During the interrogation he discovers that the Axons are themselves only parts of Axos — their 'Spacecraft' — a sort of vampire of space which absorbs the life energy of whole planets, leaving the scorched wastes. Since the Humans are powerful and intelligent, a certain amount of guile is necessary — this is why Axos has had itself transported all over the world as Axonite.

Axos has been attracted to Earth by the Master — an evil Time Lord — who wants to destroy all life on Earth as revenge upon the Doctor who has previously thwarted two of his plans. The Master aids Axos in the activation of the Axonite, which become hideous, bulky travesties of the humanoid form, possessing root-like tendrils and wrinkled hanging skin. At the same moment the Axons discard their false golden bodies and turn into similar monstrosities within Axos, the parent body. These parts of Axos attack the Earth's most important military and administrative centres. Bulets pass through them with ease and the flesh regrows. Explosives blow them apart without trouble, but the individual pieces soon grow into more creatures. A touch from one of their tendrils



reduces a human to lifeless chemicals, in a cloud of gas by-product.

When victory seems near, Axos turns on the Master — forcing him, the Doctor and Jo to escape from inside it. They reach UNIT headquarters and the Doctor sees Tardis (his immobilized space/time craft) to put the parent body into a time loop (to go forward in time — as is natural — and then to be knocked back into the past of a few seconds ago — therefore the victim will only exist in the time between entering the 'loop' and being knocked back. In this way it stops existing to the rest of the universe, as the universe continues into the future leaving the victim behind. As the parent body vanishes, the Axos extensions lose all motivation and wither.

The origin of Axos is unknown — perhaps it was a biological freak, or could be only one of a race of 'space vampires', or it may originally have been the creation of biological engineering by an unknown race known as the Axons, who were wiped out by their 'Frankenstein's monster' — very probably Axos itself does not remember.

It is quite possible that Axos is able to absorb the minds of its victims as well as their life-forces, in which case it will have possessed the minds of the soldiers and others that it absorbed — if it possesses other members of the same race then it seems logical that they will have been in rapport with it, in which case another Axos invasion will be more difficult to repel.

Claws of Axos was possibly one of the best of the 'Dr. Who' series, only slightly marred by the amorphous Axos monsters which tended to look rather more like lost souls than world conquerors when viewed really critically. On the whole, though, the story presented a delightful concept of Alien life that was not for once a super-scientific humanoid hungry for power.

WORLD OF
HORROR

PETRIFYING PINUP

Many thanks to Mr. P. Nicholson for lending us this unusual Belgian poster used to advertise Hammer's **THE MUMMY**

LINE PRODUCTION HAMMER FILM

PETER CUSHING
CHRISTOPHER LEE
YVONNE FURNEAUX

la
**MALEDICTION
des PHARAONS**

THE MUMMY

TECH COL

REGIE: TERENCE FISHER

DE VERVLÖEING DER PHARAONS

SWOPSHOP CLASSIFIED

Do you have any horror, sci fi, fantasy material for sale? If so, let us know and we will advertise the item for you. Free of charge.

WANTED Famous Monsters Of Filmland, nos. 46-118, also Castle Of Frankenstein, SAE with your prices to I. Evans, 68 Friars' Lane, Barrow-in-Furness, Cumbria.

WANTED Henryhausen film posters and transparencies. Also "horror" mags, especially FRM, Specimen, and all overseas mag Mike Dune, 34 Bulwer St., Rochdale, OL12 2EY Lancs.

I would like to purchase vol 47, nos 1-3 of WEIRD TALES I will pay 50p each for them (good condition only). Offers with SAE to C Johnson, 14 Rivershill, Walton-A-Stone, Hertford. Herts SG14 3SD

FOR SALE: Stills, pressbooks, posters, transparencies, books from horror films SAE for lists to R. Rothwell, 82 Medmenham Way, Netherley, Liverpool L27 7AP

I require MONSTER MAG no 2 will pay 50p for good condition. Offers to Stephen On, 8 Cowley Mansions, Cowley Road, Branson, London, SW 9

WANTED Monster Mag 1-3 and any numbers over 14, will pay £100. Send mags with SAE to Paul Owen, 3 Smiles Lane, Rowlands Gill, Tyne & Wear

WANTED Anything on original FLASH GORDON series with Buster Crabbe. Mags, film clips BMM films, any information. Will pay for material SAE to Andrew Cedment, 23A Gilescroft Ave, Northwood, Kirby, or Liverpool

BARGAIN: Set of 17 different shots of Christopher Lee as DRACULA. Only £2. All orders to Peter Nicholson, 28 Oakdale Road, London SW16.

"Help maaa...!" Dramatic stills, frame blow-ups, jocos, quality and treints always needed, also synopses & press material from unusual and "foreign" horror/fantasy

films UK & US stuff needed, too. Lead or donate (maybe even sell if your prices are low enough) I Fly, Delirium, Ltd., 344 South Lambeth Road, London, SW 8. So your bit for the WOH causal

WANTED POSTER, PRESSBOOK FROM QUATERMASS EXPERIMENT, POSTER, PRESSBOOK FROM X THE UNKNOWN, POSTER FROM ABSOLUTELY SHOWABLE, PRESSBOOK FROM DRACULA (88), PRESSBOOK FROM REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN, PRESSBOOK FROM THE MUMMY (58), POSTER, SET OFF C.H. STILLS FROM MAN WHO COULD CHEAT DEATH, POSTER FROM FRANKENSTEIN/MONSTER FROM HELL, PRESSBOOK FROM LEGEND 77 GOLDEN VAMPIRES, POSTER FROM THE WATCHER

ALSO WANTED DOUBLE FEATURE POSTER FROM DRACULA - PRINCE OF DARKNESS, THE PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES, FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN, THE MUMMY S SHROUD, PLUS BLACK AND WHITE STILLS FROM ANY HAMMER FILM

FOR SALE: 4X5 photos in B&W from horror, space sci-fi films, (American & English) Over 400 pics, Frankenstein, Dracula, Werewolf & many more. SAE for lists to Mr. Michael Peacock, 12 Little Herbers Road, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham, Glos

RARE! Complete set of early Famous Monsters Of Filmland (INCLUDING the hard-to-get number ONE) and Monster World, plus many other titles (Castle Of Frankenstein, Monster Mania) Many rare SAE for lists to Olive Bennett, 21A May Lane, Kingsbury, London NW5 0NH

WANTED First 4 issues of FRM magazine. Will swap 13 issues of Famous Monsters Of Film-land including 152 and 68 Fear-book or buy for cash Mr. M Henkin, 106A Caswick Road, West Norwood, SE27 1B2

HORROR/FANTASY MATERIAL FOR SALE POSTERS, STILLS, PRESSBOOKS, ETC. ALSO HUGE COLLECTION OF PRE-WAR NON-HORROR FILM MATERIAL SAE FOR DETAILS TO ROBIN JAMES, SECRETARY, GOTHIC FILM SOCIETY, 75 6th Avenue, FELTHAM, MIDDLESEX

EDITIONS OF BRITISH MARVEL DRACULA LIVES, ALSO MARVEL POSTERS, AND MARVEL'S SUPERHEROES ISSUE ONE THROUGH MOST RECENT

HEY, COMIC FANS! YOU MUST READ...



Starzine
COMICANA

"BRITAIN'S MOST EXCITING COMIX-ORIENTED MAGAZINE" ...COVERS THE WHOLE SCENE:

STRIPS, MAGS, CARTOONS, BOOKS, THE ARTISTS & WRITERS BEHIND THEM. JUST 20p ♦ 4 ISSUES = 75p

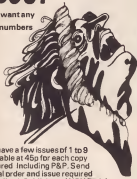
A. JOHNSON: 177, HIGH STREET, ■ ONGAR, ESSEX CM5 9JG. ■



TARDIS
THE NEW DOCTOR WHO FAN MAGAZINE. NEED WE SAY MORE? 10p PER COPY.

DON'T HANG ABOUT

if you want any back numbers



EXCALIBUR New feature out now! Articles, sets, piles of comic info! Marvel, DC, Warren, etc. Only 10p plus 5p postage from L. Bowkett, 35 Renswood Hill, Worcester, Worcs WR4 5ER

WANTED Sells and all allied material from THE DEVIL RIDES OUT, THE TOMBS OF LIGEIA, PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES, THE REPTILE, CAPTAIN CLEGG. Send lists to Andrew Spencer, 37 Carlisle Street, Brighton Sussex BN2 2XU

We have a few issues of 1 to 9 available at 45p for each copy required. Including P&P. Send postal order and issue required to: Dallruth Publishing, WOH Division, 344 South Lambeth Rd., London S W 8 (sorry about the price rise, but new postal rates have made it a necessary evil).



Issue 1 Featuring Christopher Lee and Hammer Castles
Issue 2 Featuring Kurosawa and King Kong
Issue 3 Featuring Dr. Who and Star Trek
Issue 4 Star Trek, Bond and Mission: Impossible
Issue 5 Featuring Personalities Ages and Peter Cushing
Issue 6 Featuring Lord Cheyenne and The Execution

The boogie man will get you if you don't
SUBSCRIBE TO
WORLD OF
FEAR



Make sure of your copy each month
TAKE OUT A SUBSCRIPTION
To Subscriptions Department, Markon Distribution Services Ltd, Roding Trading Estate, London Road, Barking Essex.
I enclose Cheque/PD (Payable to Subscriptions Dept.) Cash for £2.84 (including postage in the U.K.) or £4.08 (including postage overseas) for one year (12 issues) subscription to **WORLD OF FEAR**
Please commence my subscription with issue No
NAME
ADDRESS



A scene from *THE SPECTRE*, above.

The Career of Barbara Steele

Barbara Steele has appeared in relatively few films, most of them of indifferent quality, yet she managed during her acting career to make a profound impression on many fantasy-film enthusiasts (particularly male-types) with her peculiar good looks and intense acting style. Although she has officially retired from acting, she has been seen on American TV's *NIGHT GALLERY* (co-starring with young Richard Thomas of *THE WALTONS*) in a very unpleasant role of medieval superstition and in *HONEYMOON WITH A STRANGER*, as well as making an appearance in a sexploitation quirkie called *CAGED WOMEN*.

This month, we're turning over our typewriter to film freak GARY PARFITT, whose long-time interest in the career of this unusual "cult" actress has provided him with a treasure trove of rare background material on an elusive subject, which he has graciously offered to share with us.

BARBARA Steele made her earthy debut on 25th December, 1937 (same birthday as Freddie Fellini, who was later to direct her in his celebrated *BVU* in Ireland. She took an early interest in the arts, which was indulged by her grandparents, who re-named an old barn into a "theatre" for young Barbara and her cousins

boarding schools, including A. S. Neal's celebrated *SUMMERHILL*. She recalls her time there with great enthusiasm, mentioning that she "learned to cope with life on a very human, not materialistic, level." Education at *Summerhill*, although academically sound, was most unconventional in its encouragement of the pupils' individual interests, and lack of concern with bourgeois proprieties. "The idea," Steele reminisces, "was to help us develop absolute freedom. The girls and boys were even permitted to sleep with each other, if they wished."

Although interested in the theatre and cinema, Steele's main ambition has always been to establish herself as a painter. Her parents, although they approved of the arts as a spare-time occupation, were not overly keen on Barbara's trying to make a career at the social, but she was undaunted, and attended the Chelsea School

Of Art for a time. Frustrated by her failure to gain recognition, she turned to acting in rep as a means of support. Her first appearance in a professional production found her working with Robert Morley in a comedy. Things were pretty chaotic as Steele suffered badly from "stage fright," and on one occasion dropped a trayful of tea all over the stage.

She persevered, and achieved success portraying the heroine in which of John Van Druten's *BELL, BOOK AND CANDLES* at the Cottesloe Theatre in Glasgow. One night, the audience included a "talent scout" from the then-gigantic J. Arthur Rank Organisation, who invited her to attend a screen test it was successful, and Steele signed a long-term contract with Rank. One of the stipulations was mandatory attendance at the

now-infamous Rank "charm school" where newcomers were urged to conform to conventional ideas of what is physically attractive; regional accents were eliminated, and in the course of a lot of general misadventure, they were shown the ropes of acting for the camera.

However, it was a secure living, and Steele appeared in several of Rank's "factory produced" films. Probably most noteworthy was her role in *UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS*, in which she accompanied through most of her screen time in a "shortie" negligee, trying unsuccessfully to seduce a bewildered Michael Crag. Shots of her moaning about the set captured some of the strange quality, wiflike yet predatory, which was to make her a natural as a "horror" film actress, and are rumoured to have influenced Mario Bava's decision to cast her as *Asia* in

Continued on page 3





Left: Character study from *THE SPECTRE*, again—below left.

Steele (wearing F) in contrast days, below.

CASTLE OF BLOOD, top right.

FACELESS MONSTER, below right.

CURSE OF THE CRIMSON ALTAR, bottom right.



replied in the affirmative, and was hired on the spot by the eccentric director. Unfortunately, much of her part was cut before the film's release, including a titillating dance number in which Steele undressed about a room full of candles, which she would occasionally pause and fondle suggestively. The male chauvinists of the world were deprived of this treat when the studio cut her out. She had unknowingly filmed scenes that appeared to be blatant copies of moments in another well-known film, *L'ECUÏSE*. Rather than be accused of plagiarism, Fellini decided to scrap the footage. Steele is still smart in this, but her role is reduced to a cameo.

Determined to branch out from fantasy films, Steele continued to appear in a sex-blasting flick (*L'AMANTIA BRANCALEONE*) swash-bucklers like *IL CAPITANO DI FERRER* and even domestic dramas like *LE MONOCLE RIT JAUNE*; however, her talents were still most frequently sought for horror movies. Thus, she found herself living a confused tale of love and murder for *Amanto*

Margherita LA DANZA MACABRA, in which she and Margaret Robbham were required to make a lesbian love scene. Robbham freed out of the prospect of kissing Steele. "It was terrible," she later recalls. "Margherita became very angry with her, finally told her, 'Believe you are kissing Ugo Tognazzi's husband Ugo Tognazzi' not Barbara. Anyway, a compromise was reached: she still don't know if it was included in the release print" (Not in the version I saw, Ed).

Although eroticism has been the core of Steele's acting life, she maintains that she has never appeared topless in any film, and doublets were used in scenes requiring nudity. However, some years ago in Belgium I met a fellow Steele admirer who showed me a copy of an Italian film magazine featuring nude pictures of the star (apparently taken from *LES HEURES DE L'AMOUR* or *CINQUE TOMBE PER UN MEDIO*), which were quite convincing, not to mention aesthetically edifying. But still, much to my chagrin, a prime factor in eroticism, but

Continued over page



LA MASCHERA DEL DEMONIO, one English titles of Steele's controversial films are included, where known, in the checklist.

Meanwhile, she was becoming increasingly dissatisfied with her stultifying, if fairly lucrative position at Rank. Suddenly, superstar Cary Grant was quoted as saying he would love to make a film with Barbara Steele. Always quick to capitalize on good publicity, Rank offered to transfer her contract to Grant for a huge sum, and 20th Century-Fox stepped on the Steele bandwagon, made a bid for her services, and won. Through this set of curious, not to say bizarre, chances, Steele found herself in Hollywood, under contract, to Fox, but with very little to do but play "starlet" (a role with little appeal to her).

She was subjected to more charm school type indignities, like having her hair undecoratively bleached blonde, having her ears glued back for public appearances, and being forbidden to appear in high heels, as the fashionable footgear rendered her "too tall."

One of her more "intable" comments about this phase of her career was "God, it was such a phasty period—Jesus!"

Providence intervened, and during an actors' strike, she sneaked out of America to accept Bava's invitation to appear in *LA MASCHERA DEL DEMONIO*. The noted cameraman's directorial debut was greeted with great enthusiasm by horror-lovers, and great horror by the censors, who managed to keep the film out of the UK for nearly seven years (it first

appeared here in 1967) on the grounds of its being "sadistic and nasty." Steele, however, had made her mark in the genre.

She returned to America, where she contracted with AIP to appear with Vincent Price in *THE RIT AND THE PENDULUM*, under the direction of Roger Corman. The film was unavert, but Steele made the most of her role, and many viewers were impressed by the misadventure, with Steele buried alive, her handiwork was peering out of a chink in the coffin, as she realized no one is left to release her from her plight.

Her unfortunate contract with Fox then demanded her to portray a statue in this Presley's first "serious, dramatic" vehicle *FLAMING STAR*. Predictably, after a few days, tempers began to

flare, and Ms. Steele left the set. Fox and Hollywood Ricardo Flores became attracted to Steele, after meeting some of her early films, and she was to participate in two of his kinky productions, *LO SPETTRO*, and *L'ORRIBILE SEGRETO DI OU OR HICCOCK*, which were filmed over a span of an incredible 14-day shooting schedule. While Steele was glad to be employed, she rather disliked being "typed" as a femme fatale and delicately referred to the ever-increasing association of her name with erotic terror tales as "a ***** drag."

Again, fate provided a change of pace. Fellini was casting his semi-erotic, graphicized film *8½* and was fascinated by Barbara's unique features. He asked her if she liked cats, she



Continued from previous page

as far as this particular actress is concerned, it adds the "icing to the cake."

In her personal life, Steele is far from a retiring person, and has something of a reputation for silly "off-the-cuff" remarks designed to squelch the most persistent would-be-interviewer. For example, whilst visiting the 1956 SF Festival in San Sebastian, she was asked what her prime ambition in life was. Without batting an eyelid, she purred "I want to **** the entire world!" (Steele is determined to keep her private life to herself, and never hesitates to use her skilled command of rude

language and obscene metaphor to discourage prying journalists).

In any cinema artist's career, many projects have been announced which never materialise. With performers like Steele and Christopher Lee, who have made many Continental films, this can be extremely confusing. For instance, at various times, Barbara was scheduled to appear in **THE DIABOLICAL LADY** for Nicholas Ray. Vadim's **BARBARELLA**, and was rumoured to be up for a lead role in **THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?**

The problem of censorship makes artistic criticism

of Steele's films very difficult indeed. Take **AMANTI** (O'LIRETOMBA, which was probably atrocious enough in its original state. By the time the BBFC had had their way with it, its running time was reduced from 106 to 73 minutes! Why bother? To complete the carnage, it was released under the totally irrelevant title of **MONSTER**.

Steele made her only appearance in a British fantasy film for Vernon Sewell in **CURSE OF THE CRIMSON ALTAR**. The late Boris Karloff, Christopher Lee and Michael Gough were also involved in this sadly disappointing film. Despite

an interesting idea and the top-flight cast of fantasy veterans, the script was too muddled and the direction too mundane for success.

Thoroughly fed up with the "horror" scene, Steele announced her intention of "never climbing out of another ***** coffin again, as long as I live," and went so far as to announce her retirement from film work in general. To avoid the fading girlfriend bit "Happily married to administrator James Poe in 1966, she gave birth to a child the next year, and kept her resolution to avoid the limelight and concentrate on her first love, painting, and on her family. Her whereabouts since her retirement have been a constant subject of speculation to her still-bewitched fans. At various times she has been reported living in the U.S., France and Italy (A reliable source has placed her "deliberately" in Italy as of this writing - Ed.) She did pop up at a meeting of the American **COUNT DRACULA SOCIETY** (not to be confused with our similarly named London organisation) to accept an award for her contribution to the genre, in 1973.

In the same year, avowedly seeking a bit of extra cash, she condescended to appear in the aforementioned **CAGED WOMEN**, a spy-cine item which appeared last fall at one of those West End "carnegie clubs," and crumbled in TV work. Her role in **NIGHT GALLERY** revealed her to be more appealing than ever, and one can only hope that she will choose to abandon her private projects again for at least the occasional film or TV spot in the future.

In any event, students of the macabre and erotic in films will always appreciate the contributions of this very special actress, whom Mario Bava has called "both brittle and wicked." Frede has designated the ideal "necrophobic's innocent victim," and Raymond Dugrenet has designated as "the only woman in films whose eyelids can snarl."

BARBARA STEELE
Personal data
Real name: Barbara Steele
Born: December 1928, 1937
Zodiac: Capricorn
Place of Birth: Ireland
Colour of Hair: Black
Colour of Eyes: Green
Height: 5'11 1/2"
Measurements: 30-38-60
Multi-lingual: English/French/Italian/Spanish
Writing: Has written a book entitled, "London as a Town Called Lure," but it is not known if this has been completed.
Favourite Engineer: Ray Charles, Bob Dylan
Favourite Film: "I Voblon," "Candide et Glomant," "Chien Enragé"
Favourite directors: Frederico Fellini, Jean-Luc Godard, Fritz Lang
Favourite actors: Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift, Jean Paul Belmondo, Tom Courtenay, Albert Finney, Gekker Warner, Neil Tushnet, Anna Magnan
Hobbies: "Romanticism"
Favourite Composer: Bela Bartok
Favourite Poet: Dylan Thomas

The Films Of Barbara Steele Checklist I (Films)

A SILENCE OF HEARTS (UK) 1959 d. Wolf Rilla
THE THIRTY NINE STEPS (UK) 1959 d. Ralph Thomas
SAPPHIRE (UK) 1959 d. Basil Dearden
UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS (UK) 1959 d. Ralph Thomas
REVENGE OF THE VAMPIRE (Italy) (La Maschera del Demone) (Black Sunday) 1960 d. Mario Bava
THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM (US) 1961 d. Roger Corman
THE TERROR OF DR. HICHOOCK (L'Orsola segreta di Dr. Hicchoock) 1962 d. Riccardo Freda
THE SPICER (L'Oscurato) (Italy) 1962 d. Riccardo Freda
PELLINI'S 8th (Italy) 1962 d. Federico Fellini
IL CAPITANO DERRIDOR (Italy) 1962 d. Sergio Grieco
LES BAISERS (France/Italy) 1963 d. Jean-Pierre Hualon
LE VIOU BIANCHE (Italy) 1963 d. Pasquale Festa Campanile and Massimo Francioso
UN TENTATIVO SENTIMENTAL (France/Italy) 1963 d. Pasquale Festa Campanile and Massimo Francioso
LE ORE DELL'AMORE (Italy) 1963 d. Luciano Salce
CARTLE OF BLOOD (La Donna Maschera) (France/Italy) 1963 d. Antonio Margherini
LONG HAIR OF THE NIGHT (I Lunghi Capelli Morti) (Italy) 1964 d. Antonio Margherini
IMANUCCI (Italy) 1964 d. Lello Felsi
AMORE FACILE (Italy) 1964 d. Gianni Puccini
REVENGE OF THE SUDO REAST (La Sorcella di Salsola) 1964 d. Michael Powell
LE MONICOLE HIT JAUNE (France/Italy) 1964 d. Georges Lacombe
L'ARMATA BRANCALEONE (Italy) 1965 d. Mario Monicelli
FACELESS MONSTER d. Avanzo O'Liretombale (Italy) 1965 d. Mario Caiano
TERROR CREATURES FROM THE GRAVE (Creature torbide per Macdon) (Italy) 1965 d. Roderigo Ferreira
YOUNG TOLLEBEE (Der Junge Tollebe) (Germany) 1965 d. Volker Schonhoff
IBOLDI (Italy) 1965 d. Gianni Puccini and G. Cavallon
AN ANGEL FOR SATAN (Un Angelo per Satana) (Italy) 1966 d. Carlo Mazzacchi
CURSE OF THE CRIMSON ALTAR (UK) 1966 d. Vernon Sewell
CAGED WOMEN (US) (1973)

Checklist Part II (Television)

DIAL 999 (UK)
DANGER MAN Episode entitled "Men on the Beach" (UK)
ADVENTURES IN PARADISE (US)
ALRED HICHOOCK HOUR (US)
TEPT (US)
ONCE UPON A TRACTOR (NW/US)
NIGHT GALLERY (US)
HONEYMOON WITH A STRANGER (US/SPAIN)



THE AUGUST DERLETH FANTASY AWARD

is run under the auspices of

THE BRITISH FANTASY SOCIETY

Each year we give awards to the Best Film, Best Novel, etc. etc., as voted by the members of the society. However, ADFA voting is now open to non-members as well. All readers of World of Horror will realise that the promotion of a fantasy award worldwide is important. The more so because through it we remember the dearer of fantasy publishers, August Derleth. The B.F.S. is now issuing four newsletters a year, called ADFA NEWS, through which you can learn how we run the award and hear about nominations of eligible titles. The cost to non-members of the B.F.S. is 50p (which also includes the cost of posting the news to you). If you are interested in this award, send cheques and postal orders (made payable to "The B.F.S.") to David Sutton, 194 Station Road, Birmingham, B14 7TE.



THE BRAIN-EATERS

by Frank Belknap Long

(author of *The Man with a Thousand Legs*, *The Space Eaters*)

While the weird tales of FRANK BELKNAP LONG that were published in the 20s and 30s showed the influence of H. P. Lovecraft, as indeed they should — he and HPL were friends and correspondents for many years — they were never "imitations" of the Sage of Providence, from the very first story, *Diogenes Winters*. Long showed a unique personality and viewpoint on horror and strangeness

STEPHEN WILLIAMSON, anthropologist and archeologist, stood at the rail of the *Moving Star* and watched the dim grey shape of the long boat shed its hazy indistinctness as the sun penetrated the fog and threw ruddy curious shadows the gleaming gun-whales. From where Williamson was standing the occupants of the boat were distinctly visible. They sat immobile, in grotesque attitudes, and when Williamson hailed them they made no response. Williamson cried forward over the rail, studying them intently out of blood-shot eyes. Then, suddenly, his body went tense, and a cold horror descended upon him. He turned abruptly, cupping his hands, and shouted out a frantic warning to the first mate, who was standing rather nonchalantly amidships with his hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets. "Keep away from her! Ease her off! For God's sake —"

"What's that?" The mate strode to the rail and glanced anxiously over the side. But from where he was standing the boat was not visible. He was obliged to repeat his query to Williamson, who, occupied for the moment, the position of ship's guardian. Below in his cabin the captain was lying motionless, his brain unhinged by liquor and fever.

"What did you say, Steve?"
"I said — stay clear of her!"
"Why?"
"Cholera, I think. Anyway, it's awful! A death trap. Keep clear of her!"

In a moment the mate was by Stephen's side, staring with horror at the boat and its contents. It was drifting aimlessly in a long swell, its rudder askew and trailing sea-moss, its oarlocks sodden with caked salt and a darker, more disturbing ingredient that

looked, from a distance, like caked blood. The mate gripped Williamson's arm. "They've been dead for weeks," he muttered, hoarsely. "Every man of 'em. They're rotter' more than skeletons." He spat to conceal his emotion. "Every man of 'em God, Steve —"

"Look there!" Williamson had raised his arm and was pointing excitedly at the tallest of the seven skeletons.

The mate grew dizzy with horror. A choking, gurgling sound issued from his throat, and his hand tightened on his companion's arm till the latter cried out in shrill protest. "Steady, Jim." Then, after a pause, "It was cannibalism. Nothing else. But I can understand it, Jim. If the poor devils were insane, crazed —"

"But his head," the mate protested hysterically. "They couldn't eat that. Why did they cut off his head?"

The headless man sat bolt upright in the boat. He was clothed in stained grey trousers of woollen texture and a coarse seaman's shirt of alternating black and white stripes open to the waist. His feet were bare and sun-scorched. One arm, severed at the wrist, dangled forlornly from beside the oarlocks, nailing and felling with the slow oily swell. The other was outstretched as though it had been endeavoring, at the instant of death, to ward off the attack of something malign and unspeakable. On several parts of the hairy, exposed chest were dark and ominous stains. The muscles of the torso stood out so rigidly in the half-light that they were discernible at a distance of fifty feet.

But despite his mutilations and imperfections the headless man was easily the most commanding figure in the boat. The other occupants were pitiable in the extreme. They sprawled against the gunwales in attitudes of

abject despair — mere husks of flabby skin over protruding bones, with skull-like faces and rigid, immobile arms. The sea had had its way with them. They were not merely dead, they were beginning, slowly, to bloaten and shrivel and purify.

"I ain't cholera," said Stephen gravely.

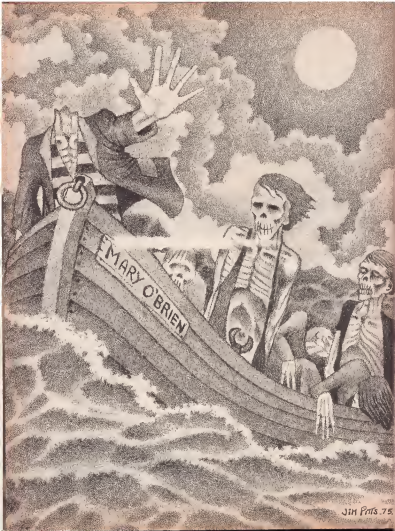
The mate nodded. "You're right, I guess." His voice sounded hollow and unfamiliar even to his own ears. The strangeness of his smile appalled him. He glanced almost hysterically at his companion. How, he wondered, could the man remain so cool? He had hitherto been so emotional, so easily upset. Yet now, somehow, the seariness of his face was rising to the occasion, was astonishing the mate by its assurance and poise.

"We may as well lower a boat," said Stephen decisively. "I want to know precisely what happened. It's utterly ghastly, but I've got to know."

Thirty minutes later a decidedly ill-seemingly crossed the deck of the *Moving Star* in a strangely indirect fashion, crossed the deck in a semicircle and gripped the rail till his knuckles showed white. For a moment he stood watching a Portuguese man-of-war bobbing over the sea, his gaze riveted on the weirdly beautiful polyp till it disappeared in the purple haze fringing the horizon. Then, abruptly, he wheeled and met the inquisitorial scrutiny of the mate.

"Well?"
"I told Heera to put — sew sheets on the bodies," said Stephen in a cold and lifeless voice. "The least we can do is give them a decent burial."

The mate shivered. "I hope we can get a cover with soon. A crew of dead men don't suit my fancy. If the captain should see 'em — in his condition, you



know, it wouldn't be pleasant," I told Simpson to keep watch on the old man."

"I'm more concerned about the bones whispering and mumbling overance we brought the bodies aboard. Frightened hell, I guess. I don't know as I blame them. If they could see this diary..." Stephen flipped his pocket significantly. "It might—run amuck. To tell you the truth, Jim, it got me frightened. I don't know what to think."

The mate muttered his lips with the tip of his tongue. "I see crazy gibberish, Steve," he muttered. "They went through hell, apparently, and it's my guess the whole Henderson crewed up under the strain. Ben's an officer and a gentleman—well, anyone could see he was only a frightened kid. I don't think I ever saw a man's face so drawn and despairful-looking."

Stephen removed a weather-stained memorandum book from his pocket and began nervously to finger the pages. "There are things here, Jim," he said, "that you can't argue away. Descriptions, details. I've read these from men who've witnessed something appalling. No third-grade lunatic could have been so devilishly, infernally logical. Henderson 'remained courageously cool-headed to the last. This entry shows what stuff the kid was made of."

Stephen had opened the book, and as the mate stared silently down into the almost moribund sea he began, slowly, to read:

"They went over bows. Last night one of them got in touch with me. It had as cool a face as my forehead and spoke to me. I could understand everything a said. A terrible death awaits us if we do not obey them implicitly. They were Thomases. We are to make no attempt to thwart or resist them when they come for him."

"Later..." They came for Thomas last night. They did not take off his arm. He is sitting before me now. I can see his broad shoulders and his neck. They are armed with a terrible armor, the glare of the sunset, and they clutch with a terrible vividness. His presence is a perpetual roar, but we dare not throw him overboard. They would not approve."

"I am perfectly sane. The horror here did not dull in any way my perception of the visible realities about me. I know perfectly well the coast of South Africa lies off me. I am adrift in the Pacific. I feel miles from the coast of Salvador, and that I am compelled to endure the presence of a headless corpse and five cowardly fellows who glibber and moan like baboons morily because they lack guts and haven't sufficient water. My

own stomach bewilders and amazes me. Why is it that my hand does not tremble as I write, that I can remain so observant, so calm? It may be that when I have last all capacity to suffer, I have passed into a strange world—an alien and utterly incomprehensible world which makes the fears and agonies of common life seem curiously impersonal and remote."

"We have abandoned all hope of a possible rescue. Nothing can save us from them. It is amazing how completely I have resigned myself to the inevitable. Three days ago we were as confident as the devil. Why, we actually jested when the Mary O'Brien went down. Red Taylor called it a nice dive. She went down bow first. It was a tremendous and horrible spectacle. The water about her was a white milopson for full five minutes."

"Is only a few miles to the coast," I told them. "We are not enough water left to be bothered. We'll row in miles."

"They are quiet and stilly, with long gelatinous arms and hideous, bat-like faces. But I have reason to suspect they can change their form at will. For instance, they were seen once as a horrible, maddening, drowning, and then—we saw them. We saw them glimmering in the moonlight. All about us the sea was carpeted with their luminous, impenetrable faces. There was nothing we could do. We were helpless—stunned."

"They are not animals. They are imbued with a cold, unearthly intelligence. We have driven into strange waters, and the creatures reveal us so maddeningly that it is useless as a guide. I have a theory—a incredible, fantastic—would account for all this that has occurred, but I don't know if I should tell you. They should not understand. They are convinced, even now, that the things are fantastic fishes. They do not know that I have communicated with them. They did not see me last night when I left the boat and went with them into the abyss."

"They were deceived by the presence of my physical body, which remained with them in the boat. They did not know that I had descended into the dark, cold abyss."

"They were strangely reticent. They merely confided to me that they wanted Thomas' brain. They feed, it seems, on human brains, and of all our brains Thomas' is the most finely organized. It is compact, imaginative, sensitive. He is a semi-literate A.B.S., but his brain is first-rate. What, I suspect, they really are not so much the culture or cultivation which a brain has acquired, but simply its naked intelligence. They experience strange, vivid new emotions and sensations when they feed. They are completely human beings. But they do not really eat our brains. Rather, they

suck, absorb them. They wrap them selves tightly about human heads, and suck out the contents of the cranium through the eyes and nostrils."

They do not always carry away the heads which they desire to use in the fashion. Occasionally they merely extract the brain while the victim is awake, in such cases the poor wretch is certain to awake a rawing maniac. Sightless—and a menace. The other way is more merciful. I am glad that they severed Thomas' head and took it away. This presence of his body is a horror and a madness—but it is reassuring to know that he has ceased to suffer. The men are showing the effects of the torture. Brett has been showing a growing paranoia. He is very conceivably that in this other world animal tissue—especially such highly evolved tissue as one finds in human brains—with a similar intensity upon the alien body-substance of these creatures."

"They live at the bottom of the sea and are not a part of our familiar world. They inhabit another dimension. By some ghastly and inexplicable mishap we have passed into another dimension of space. We have passed into an extension of the three-dimensional world. The existence of these creatures confirms the wildest speculations of theologians and mystics, who have persistently maintained that man is not the only intelligent inhabitant of the globe—that there are other worlds impinging on ours. Above the familiar seas of the world are impenetrable seas of space, and strange and hideous shapes utterly unlike anything with which we are familiar. There is not one Pacific Ocean merely. Occupying the same space in another dimension of space are hundreds of Pacific Oceans—sucked into some great vacuum or vent in three-dimensional space and is now in an utterly alien world. A black and abysmal world. Nothing on Earth can live in this world, and perhaps—perhaps—but nothing on Earth. The brain-matter will not appear here."

"It is a terrible world. Its denizens are more malignant than vampires. They revel on the brains of lost travelers from the coast of the forgotten Pacific. I had fallen asleep from sheer exhaustion when they came for me and compelled me to follow them down through the blue depths to their strange, blue-litten city on the sea's floor."

"My body remained on the boat, but my brain was with them at the bottom of the sea. They can separate the brain from the body without any physical sundering. They were careful to explain to me why I should not share the fate of Thomas. They need me. I have been enriched to guide them to the body that I leave behind them from throwing it into the sea."

"Another ship has passed into this

strange and hideous world. On it there is a brain which they covet—an extraordinary brain of a scientist or poet. They desire to absorb it, and they desire to absorb it while it is aflame with curiosity and maddened by fright. When they absorb it, they will have a brain that is keyed up to the pitch of wild excitement. They experience the most intense ecstasy and rapture. So peculiarly are they constituted that they are capable of deriving the most piercing pleasure from highly evolved, highly inflamed cerebral tissue in our world or alien manifestations of energy like radium, cosmic rays and things that kind of most violently upon terrestrial organisms and it is very conceivable that in this other world animal tissue—especially such highly evolved tissue as one finds in human brains—with a similar intensity upon the alien body-substance of these creatures."

"The scientist—the man who is coming—is a brain which excites them immeasurably. They are determined to frighten and inflame it. They think that if its possessor encounters Thomas sitting upright in the boat, headless and ghastly, it will become a rare delicacy and afford them the most exquisite rapture. They have asked me to help them and I dare not refuse. But I can at least record when I know and suspect in this book, and if he is not a blind fool he will strive to escape."

I fear, though, that he is lost to—hopelessly and irremediably lost."

"Like us he has in some mysterious way passed into another world. The ship which bears him is now being sucked into some great vacuum or vent in three-dimensional space and is now in an utterly alien world. A black and abysmal world. Nothing on Earth can live in this world, and perhaps—perhaps—but nothing on Earth. The brain-matter will not appear here."

"They will fasten upon his skull and drain it dry. His eyes will be drawn from their sockets, and his brain will melt and dissolve like yellow wax in the sun. Their most dark mouths."

"I am very ill. The ocean about me is captured with leering, malignant faces. The others see them. Too Bre is crying and whining and leaping at the mouth like an epileptic, and Adema has collapsed against the gunwale. Blood is trickling from his nose and his eyes are closed. His skin is made of a corpse-meat. There is nothing we can do or say. We sit listlessly by the bars and stare at Thomas' ghastly body, which has become a mockery, a mockery of the respectability of the world."

Williamson closed the book and glanced anxiously at the man beside him. "Wouldn't you say, Jim, that there

was something behind?"

Jim looked exceedingly ill. "I don't know. It's all so very queer—an uncanny, as though some thrash in it's your brain they're after."

Williamson nodded. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do. Jim, I'm going to sleep on deck tonight. I'll bring up my cot and sleep here. I'll feel safer, somehow, on deck."

The mate lowered his head. "I'd do that," he said, simply.

It was midnight when Williamson awoke and set up. The moonlight lay in bright, luminous stripes on his cot and the wet plank of the deck. The lifeboats stood out boldly in the silver light. The water about him seemed to be three huge water-barrals and a great pile of strangled rope were plainly visible. At first Williamson saw only these dim, familiar shapes, the water-barrals, the rope, the lifeboats. Swaying reassuringly in the wind. Then, slowly, he became aware of something dark and cumbersome, something opaque that obscured his vision and concealed the points of the second barrel, something that made a ship-shaped dent in the pile of cottage. He rubbed his eyes, slowly, at first, then violently, hysterically. A dark shape was clinging to the heavy netting above his cot.

For a moment he stared at it in stark bewilderment. Then a great horror came upon him and he shrank back against the pillows. It was clinging to the netting and moving backward and forward like a great, slow-moving beetle. It was a moving blot, concealing the stars—a felt dark blot against the spectral moon.

Nausea welled up within him. He started to rise, and then, suddenly, grew sick with terror incalculable. The strength ebbed from his limbs and his mind refused to function. He lay supine upon the coarse sheets, too stricken to move or cry out. The thing was slowly changing its shape. It was assuming a more definite contour, was wearing more malignant and agile. Stephen's face, the face of his hapless mate, moved up and down the netting. It was acquiring sight. It was acquiring the loathsome capacity to return his stare. Two luminous spots glowed menacingly down at him from its crawling bulk.

It was glabrous, and wet. From its dark, scale-like body depended eight scarring tentacles. Or were they limbs? Or were they halps? He cannot tell. They were so maddeningly long and so indistinct, at one moment swelling in girth, and then becoming so incredibly wire-like that they seemed to merge with the wire of his netting which he assumed them. But that the arms ended in thin, claw-like heads he did

not for a moment doubt. The hands were too consistently visible, too patiently sinister. They tumbled with the netting, as though seeking to draw it away from him.

He managed, however, to rise upon his elbows, to extend, inevitably, his exposed throat. It was not death he feared. It was the torture, the suspense. He could no longer dare to look into the horror's eyes. He had endured with agonized fortitude the sight of its drooping, bat-like mouth, and the order of putrefaction, the sea-stench which surged from it, the air-borne, the fleshless hands with their luminous fingers had not invited him to complete surrender. But as eyes he feared which could not be averted or closed. He did not want them to come any closer. As they broke through and the eye came a closer.

It was better to surrender unresisted to the hands. So he raised himself on his elbows and bared his throat. It was a full minute before he perceived that he had been mistaken and that the hands were not seeking his throat.

They were busily engaged in recovering from the exertion of a large round object of disturbingly familiar appearance. The thing had evidently been compelled to lay its object down for a moment in order to facilitate its ascent to the netting above Williamson's bed, and it was now intent on recovering its gruesome trophy. Slowly, deliberately, it raised the object in its tentacle thin arms, and then, holding it aloft, it held it very close, for a moment, to its moist and bulbous mouth. And in that same instant a hideous drowning throb was like a red-hot iron cage engendered in some vast and remote part of the planet, emanating on Williamson's ear. It was not the drowning, however, which drove Williamson shrieking from the bed and across the deck in a straight dash toward the rail. It was a throb which much more unendurable than any sound of earth.

It was the sight of a face, blue-clashed and tortured, with matted red hair and a yellowed, ghastly skin, a face distorted, yet immobile, a face that grimaced and glowered, and yet remained strangely, alarmingly impassive—the face of a dead man, the face of a corpse. There were dark scars above the temples, and the matted hair and beard were clotted with blood. The head was motionless—snatched. It seemed to float upon the air. In reality, however, it was hovering, hovering in the terribly thin air of something that wanted Williamson's brain, that wanted to do to Williamson what it had done to the object it was so proudly and so arrogantly displaying the object unashamedly to Williamson because he



wanted to terrify him — appeal and terrify him utterly. It wanted to drive Williamson mad with fright so that it could feast on his inflamed brain and drain dry.

The mate, standing unsteadily upon the bridge, was alive to Williamson's peril. He had watched the scientist awake from a troubled sleep and had seen the dark shape moving backward and forward above the latter's head. He had also observed, with an actual physical reaching, the round dark object on the deck, before the horror had reclaimed it. He was an imaginative man, and his brain, at that moment, was as agitated as the one which the horror coveted. But a mighty wave of fury against the thing that had come up from the sea blotted the fright from his mind. The barrel of his rifle in his hand

glowed like a long blue taper on the moonlight. Slowly, with an almost hysterical deliberation, he raised the weapon to his shoulders and took aim. The horror approached twice as swiftly as the bullet plowed through its dark body. It fell from the rigging, twisted itself into a ball and rolled diagonally toward the scuppers. As it passed over the deck it left a thin blue trail of phosphorescent slime on the wet planks. Williamson turned, from the rail, against which he had been clinging, and raised a stinked face towards the bridge. "It's no use," he shouted. "Too many of them! All about the ship I'm going!"

He started to climb upon the rail, and then, suddenly, his foot slipped and he went down with a thud. When he raised himself again to a sitting posture he was holding something dark and round between his hands and gibbering insanely. "No top to it! No top to it!" he screamed. "The brain-part's gone! All sucked dry — nothing inside! Oh my God!"

Two strong hands descended upon the mate's shoulders and sharply, rattlesnake, he was pushed aside. A tall form in wet, glistening slicker took his place upon the bridge. The mate's eyes widened bewilderingly. "Captain Seyers," he muttered. "Captain Seyers."

But the captain ignored him. He was shouting at commands at the top of his burning lungs. "Put every scizch on her," he shouted. "Jump lively there!"

Part of the crew had emerged from the hatches and were running rapidly backward and forward in response to the captain's orders. After a moment he turned to the gasping mate. "We'll get out of this. Do as I say, and we'll get out of this. I know what's happened. We're in the wrong dimension. I was in once before — years ago. Nothing to fear — if you'll just say I know how to steer her five tracks to the right, a twist to the left and we'll be out of it. I know I've been in touch with them for years. I'm psychic."

"Mate," grained the mate. "Stark, raving mad!"

The captain had left the mate's side and was running frantically toward the wheel. "Keep them at it!" he shouted over his shoulder. "Fall them to square away. Can't put too much — do you hear?"

The mate nodded. "Worth tryin'," he muttered to himself. "Follow him implicitly. Nothin' to lose. He's in touch with 'em. Maybe. Crazy people are psychic. They know things we don't." He raised his voice. "For God's sake, men be quick. Do as the captain says. It's our only chance!"

There ensued a race with destruction. The great ship hove to and trembled ominously, every sail on her taut with the breeze, while from the ocean there arose a screaming and a drowning such as no sane man could endure with fortitude. The mate felt his reason tottering, even as the reason of the captain had departed, even as the mind of poor Williamson had succumbed — poor Williamson, who squatted hopelessly on the deck, his right hand supporting a horror of horrors, and his face a distorted mask in the spectral light.

But eventually they won through. The ship, under the captain's guidance veered strangely on the dark waters. It veered about and rose on a mountainous swell, and even as the captain shouted orders into the sensitive ear of the frightened helmsman the drowning and screaming diminished in volume. One by one the hideous luminous faces faded from the luminous sea. The wind went down, and the ship floated serenely on a three-dimensional ocean.

Four hours later the sun came up over the coastal hills and flooded the ocean with a soft, golden light. Williamson, arm and at peak, stood silently by the rail and gazed with gratitude at the prone form of Captain Seyers. The captain lay asleep on the bed which the scientist had vacated on the previous night under circumstances which the mate could not bear to recall. But Williamson was the courageous one now. He dared to recall them. He gripped the mate's arm and immediately

"I'm glad you decided to obey the captain," he said. "Nothing else could have saved us. It was an heroic decision. The captain knew, I am convinced. Men whom the world calls insane — sick people, lunatics — are often in rapport with the invisible, the hidden. The fourth dimension is an open book to them. They see things which are hidden from us. And the captain knew."

The mate nodded. "I'm glad that they don't take your brain, old fellow, it's too valuable an instrument. Aside — he added with an ironic smile — "aside from friendship I'm glad you can go on with your work now. You can get all that dope on the Mayne you missed last trip."

"I'll not write about the Mayne," said Stephen decisively. "I've made more important information to convey. My race book will deal with — with them."

The mate nodded. "No one will believe you."

"Perhaps not. But I'm determined to put that horror on paper. Someone, somewhere, may read it and understand."

The mate shook his head. "You'll lose caste. Your scientific friends will give you the cold shoulder."

Stephen's face sat in grim lines. "Let them jeer," he muttered. "The knowledge that I'm in the right will sustain me." He drew himself up. "Good, but it was a great experience. It nearly did for me, but I know, now, that the world isn't the pretty little affair we've always thought it. Out beyond are whorls of cosmic agencies. I've a cosmic appetite. Jim! I like to venture and explore. Perhaps, some day, I'll get my brain, but in the meantime . . ."

The mate smiled sympathetically. "I can quite how it is," he said. "There isn't any sailor this side of the Horn wouldn't understand. You're always hankerin' for what lies just around the corner."

"Or on the dark side of the moon," amended Stephen with a wistful smile.

REFERENCE GUIDE TO
Fantastic Films
 SCIENCE FICTION, FANTASY, HORROR

COMPILED BY PAUL LEE
 26,300 TITLES 50 CENTS
 75 PAGES MANY RARE PHOTOGRAPHS

An exhaustive reference for virtually every science fiction, horror and fantasy film ever made. FANTASTIC FILMS not only gives you the complete history of the genre, but also the modern giants like 2001: A Space Odyssey . . . no price high enough for this massive work . . . A. S. Thies a monumental reference work. It may serve for films within its scope.

Complete set, we strongly recommend purchasing this worthwhile project. American Reference Book Annual

Literary Journal
 Completed . . . we strongly recommend purchasing this worthwhile project. American Reference Book Annual

Published in 3 Volumes
 Vol. 1, \$5.50
 Vol. 2, \$5.50
 Vol. 3, \$5.50

CHESLEA BOOKS BOX 68273
 Los Angeles, CA 90068

GOTHIQUE FILM SOCIETY
 films for the connoisseur of the macabre

The mate shook his head. "You'll lose caste. Your scientific friends will give you the cold shoulder."

Stephen's face sat in grim lines. "Let them jeer," he muttered. "The knowledge that I'm in the right will sustain me." He drew himself up. "Good, but it was a great experience. It nearly did for me, but I know, now, that the world isn't the pretty little affair we've always thought it. Out beyond are whorls of cosmic agencies. I've a cosmic appetite. Jim! I like to venture and explore. Perhaps, some day, I'll get my brain, but in the meantime . . ."

The mate smiled sympathetically. "I can quite how it is," he said. "There isn't any sailor this side of the Horn wouldn't understand. You're always hankerin' for what lies just around the corner."

"Or on the dark side of the moon," amended Stephen with a wistful smile.

London's only specialised film club for fantasy and horror enthusiasts. Come and meet your favourites including Bava and Bava. The society's presidents are Christopher Lee, Bob Monks and Terence Fisher.

Send S.A.E. for details to:
 ROBIN JAMES, 75, BURNS AVE. FELTHAM, MIDD.

PHOTON is one of America's most popular fantasy film magazines. Issue 25 features important articles on *THE EXORCIST*, *THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD* and *ISLAND OF LOST SOULS*. Also included are interviews with John Agar, Richard Carlson and Jeff Morrow. Each issue also contains a free glossy film still. Send \$1.75 (U.S.) for a sample copy to: **PHOTON**, Mark Frank, 801 Avenue C, Brooklyn, NY 11218, U.S.A. Six issues for \$9.50 (U.S.)

HORROR FILM MAGAZINES FOR SALE OLD & NEW ITEMS S.A.E. PLEASE FOR LIST.

WANTING TO SELL YOUR HORROR MAG COLLECTION? IF SO, SEND DETAILS TO:
 JOHN M. BARTLE,
 10 SUNWOOD TERRACE,
 HALIFAX,
 WEST YORKSHIRE, HX3 7JZ.

The Phantom of the Opera

WITH the revival of interest in the theatre and the resurgence of Fantasy/Horror dramatic productions comes, surprisingly, for the first time THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA. The production of Gaston Leroux's famous novel, adapted for the stage by director David Giles is one of the performances in the 1976 season of the ACTORS COMPANY.

The production employs the theatre as the Paris Opera, in which most of THE PHANTOM is set. Inasmuch, the audience is employed virtually as "extra" cast and, thus, a great actor-audience relationship is utilized to heighten the atmosphere of the situation being portrayed. Off-scene events are imaginatively presented as "flash-backs" with the aid of lighting and scenic acting. The atmosphere created in the grand-stand scene rivals many comparable film scenes, proving that the theatre, although limited in versatility, is an effective medium for Fantasy.

Outstanding the production, it is worthy of the final portion of the play, becoming a little tedious. The play, like Leroux's novel, presents two almost entirely separate solutions: the former an involved mystery with supernatural overtones which is superb in production, the latter a prelude to a Sax Rohmer's Fu-Manchu story which did suffer from restrictions in theatre versatility, relying very heavily on the imagination of the audience. Apart from the atmosphere of mystery, the most striking aspect of the production is the humour presented as a delightful routine between the Opera Directors and a Madame Giry, accompanied by excellent performances by those involved. Conversely the production is marred by unimpaired performances of "Sister" the Phantom, and the heroine. An interesting production that unfortunately demonstrates some what, Good entertainment, indifferent horror. JON HARVEY

THE ornate old Wimbledon Theatre is the ideal place for this edition of the London production. The original tale is quite different from any film version to date, and David Giles is to be congratulated for writing and directing this first-ever stage translation. The stage is very creatively used, to represent the Paris Opera, the Phantom's underground kingdom, and various outdoor scenes, helped by excellent moving from a solid professional cast, and rare lighting and slide effects by Mick Hughes. There is plenty of activity in the auditorium itself, as actors pop up in stalls and boxes, and spot-lights are turned on the audience in a search for the cursed Eric. Many scenes are played lightly, backstage squabbles between the beleaguered management and an eccentric custodian who tends the Phantom's private box, the romantic adventures of a fugitive prince ballerina, and the tribulations of an ageing and egomaniacal diva, etc. Personally, we would have preferred more chills, and fewer chuckles, but the comedy asunants were at least competently handled and not too grossly overdone. The only really sorely part of the production involved the mirroring of the final one from FAULT to a scratch photograph record played back-stage. This did not work. The actors repeated unhappily with it, and it was an unfortunately avoidable touch in an otherwise very solid production. The acting on the whole was fine, especially Jean Marais, who plays the mysterious Giris. Shona Reed and Shale Barrall got the most out of their Whitman roles and Keith Drinkel did well by the rather boring part of the young hero.

Unfortunately, Edward Petherbridge, while representing the same side of the Phantom, nearly, the little is suggest the tenderness of his obsession with the young soprano, nor the menacing aspects of his



delightment Sharon Duce had a difficult character to cope with, as the virtuous heroine, Christine, and she came off rather like a blonde Betty Roub. But as the script didn't give her a cut in her chance, we'll refrain from criticizing her performance. Ms. Duce looked the part anyway.

Eric's unmaking is played more for pathos than shock, but it was rather disarming when Mr. Petherbridge's guilty face fell off in mid-scene. (This is the sort of thing that makes live theatre so exciting.) The mingled lanterns were noisy enough to cause a flood of calls to the BBC switchboard when they were revealed on TV in Nottingham. So many complaints were received that the BBC was forced to make an official apology for grossing out early evening viewers.

The PHANTOM runs far closer to grave hours, without too

having dinner first. But, by all means go. It is not very scary, but it's good fun, and well-presented.

The Actors' Company Wimbledon season extends through 30 August and also boasts THE BACCANE by Sanyales which should be worth seeing. It's REALLY weird horror. It's accompanied by a pair of JACK AND THE BEANSTALK. Other productions will include the world premiere of a new comedy THE LAST ROMANTIC, by a new writer, Kerry Lee Chapple, and a reworking of Moliere's TARTUFFE, which our spies tell us is a cultural not to be missed, even if it isn't homophobic. We look forward to haunting the Wimbledon Theatre quite a bit this summer, and for those who can't make it, the Company will be touring again in the fall. Ring the box office at Wimbledon - 0 844 5211, for further information on the current season. L.K.

The Phantom of the Opera

Gaston Leroux's novel adapted by David Giles

Phantom	Edward Petherbridge	Director
Christine	Sharon Duce	David Giles
Ricard	Keith Drinkel	Set
Manor	Gary Raymond	Ken Moller
Mercutio	Jonathan Adams	
Ricard	Nel Sney	Costumes
Debra	Barbara Hay	Jan Wright
Pollux	Tammi Lee	Lynne
Phlegm	Charles Kay	Mick Hughes
Sarah	Malcolm Cooper	
Dance	John Morris	
Carlotta	Shale Barrall	
Mme Giry	Shale Barrall	
Cecile	Elaine Strickland	



Our last nostalgia feature surveyed the rather silly pickings of a typical '50's yearworth of fantasy films. This time out, we'll be concerned with some of the myriad products of a bumper year for "horror" enthusiasts, 1971.

In the grotty category, were quite a few of those strange hissing screams, the **MAO DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND** is equally inconceivable sequel **BLOOD DEVILS**, and **CREATURES OF EVIL**. The latter was particularly freeyiving, with its vile of a vampire (best chained in the basement by his husband, and presumed properly dead by everyone else), spreading the curse of the undead throughout the podgy, heavily perspiring cast.

This one also features some incredibly weird use of colour filters, and has characters who are supposed to be survivors wandering about in very poorly applied backdrops.

There was also **DIE SCREAMING, MARIANNE**, an early exploitation effort by Peter Walker, who has since decided to concentrate on grua, rather than soft-core porn and "ornie" type violence. Although we don't think all that much of Walker's efforts to date, he is an independent British filmmaker concentrating on "horror", and we can huge, anyway, that he may produce some more subtle and profound stuff in the future. Unfortunately, lots of running about yelling, and random bloodminded acts seems to sail the most tickets. **EYES OF HELL** was a 3-D quickie made in 1961, but not located upon a yawning world until a decade later. It concerned a malevolent Indian mask from South America, which produced vile hallucinations (the 3-D bit) — in anyone foolish enough to do it. Very tedious gaudy, but rare enough to be worth a look, if you see a 2D print is being screened at your local **BRIT**.

OF BLOOD had most certainly a beefcake gleamier boy who turns into an 'ornie' monster and a wonderfully camp performance by a woman known as Beverly Hills, portraying a nymphomaniac who gets a lot more than she bargained for from that muscular gent. **HOMERIE QUE VINO DE UMMO**, sometimes known as **ORACULA V. FRANKENSTEIN** (but not to be confused with another grade-2 effort of similar title, involving Chaney Jr. and J. Carroll Nash) — was made in Spain, had Michael Rennie as one of a group of diad scientists whose bodies are taken over by space people who plan to terrorize humanity by reviving all the most feared monsters of folklore and sending them forth to plunder, maim, mutilate, kill, and generally create unpleasantness.

Although very versions of Dracula, the Mummies, Frankenstein's creature, and the Wolfman shamble about, the title characters never appear in the same scene. The wolf man, however, is none other than the very popular Continental minner, Paul Naschy, re-

creating his most famous role, as lonely lycanthropic Wielderman. Denmark. Anyway, his hunched emaciated original owners of the bodies being used by the aliens begin to assert themselves, and we are treated to a few sadistic exploitation scenes as the females are tortured to purge them of their human tendencies. One woman, Malaya, nonetheless falls for the stubby Wielderman, who has decimated several other ladies in his furry form.

The police attack the castle searching for the perpetrator, whilst Malaya and Wielderman are busy fighting the other monsters. After killing them all off, Malaya affectionately slugs Wielderman with the traditional silver bullet, and commits suicide, thus freeing them both from their warily woes. By the time, of course, the place has caught fire, and the leader of the elms (Rennie) is condemned as a failure by his superiors, and reverts to his original extraterrestrial form (ouch) — to perish in the conflagration.

This hectic production features some truly hilarious attempts at horrific makeup, and often tries to build tension by the use of flashing lights.

THE INCREDIBLE TWO-HEADED TRANSPLANT starred Bruce Darn (SILENT RUNNING) as Roger, a young man recently released from a mental home, who wishes to prove that he has something to offer society, and begins tinkering with things that man was not intended to meddle with.

His wife is kidnapped by an escaped homicidal maniac, Roger manages to free her and gets the notion of grafting the lunatic's head onto the hupa body of the local idiot, to further his studies into the feasibility of human head transplants. His lady, meanwhile, becomes suspicious, accidentally frees the monstrosity, which proceeds to carry her off once again, and snuffs four innocents in the process. They head for an abandoned mine, where Drina (the retarded head) — was injured as a child, and rendered a simpleton Roger and a friend trace them, and manage to rescue the woman. As they try to reattach the monster, however, the mine abruptly caves in on everyone. This is an extremely arduous film, needless to say, but really quite funny and watchable.

THE BEAST IN THE CELLAR features Flora Robson and Barry Reed as a brace of old deers who keep a psychotic brother in the basement. It's a small, slow-moving thriller, but the ladies lend considerable oomph to the familiar proceedings. **THE BLOOD ON SATAN'S CLAW** (i.e., **SATAN'S SKIN**) starts out as an extremely interesting and atmospheric tale of rural witch cuts, but loses



momentum, and drags along to a predictable if nasty conclusion. A well-intentioned feature, and worth a viewing.

FRANKENSTEIN ON CAMPUS, which we have not had a chance to see, was evidently an exploitation vehicle made in a horror film, with the emphasis on stripping off for collegiate "got orgies" (it) and extra moralistic messages about student unrest.

HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS, the second film inspired by the American TV serial, had more sex and gore than the original, but lost atmosphere, and suffered from an extremely low budget and rushed shooting schedule.

NECRONOLDS, another unknown quantity, seems to have brought Montezuma, Frankenstein's monster, Countess Elizabeth Bathory together for a violent romp in an underground cavern.

BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS, a cracked Fellini-esque sex film by American's Jack of semi-porn, Russ Meyer had a leucine futuristic setting and excesses of just about everything, including mass murder. **WILLARD**, another US film was well-publicized and did well enough at the box office to warrant a sequel, but it was a silly business, and the killer rats were so obviously tame domestic specimens that their antics drew "sneers" instead of the intended yelps of terror from the audience. Bruce Davidson was tolerable in the title role, Ernest Borgnine proved once again that he can open his mouth under than any in the world, and Eva Linzard can briefly live up to the proceedings as the "hero's" smothering mom. The original novel by Stephen Gilbert, **RATMAN'S NOTEBOOKS**, is much more frightening, and we recommend a good, nasty holiday reading.

SEX AND THE VAMPIRE was one of French director Jean Rollin's spacy outposts. Although they are not exactly our cup of tea, Rollin's films often have

some very striking visual moments, creative camera work, and more attractive peeled people than are usually seen in such films. We'll look to see Rollin try his hand at a "straight" Gothic picture sometime in the future.

EL TOPO, a very weird film about (I think) a gunman who a lifetime of times and keeps returning to life to learn his lesson achieved something of a cult status in America, but is pretty appalling gang at times, and as they say, definitely not for the squeamish.

CREATURES OF THE WORLD FORGOT had cave-men, monsters, and Julie Ege, none of which made any lasting favourable impression, while **COUNTESSE DRACULA** had some very nice moments, with Ingrid Pitt doing a good job of conveying the corruption of the legendary Blood Countess, and Peter Sazzy at the helm, providing some truly nightmare moments.

CAULDRON OF BLOOD was made in 1968, and featured Karloff as a kindly old sculptor who uses skeletons as armatures for his figures. His sedate young wife (Vivian Lindfors) and her equally unpleasant lover provide him with plenty of material for murder. Eventually, they get their just deserts, and the old man, overwhelmed by the revelation of their crimes, propels his invalid chair over the side of a cliff.

Hardly memorable stuff, but Karloff, as usual, provides a sincere and solid performance, and Lindfors is appropriately malevolent as the madrasah **EGGHAD'S ROBOT** is an obscure kiddie film, which had some good moments, as a bright schoolboy uses a lifelike robot to achieve his goals, the main one being to torment a bad-tempered peer-lark (Roy Kinnear).

TROG was a creepy spin in which Jean Crawford takes a newly discovered missing link under her scientific wing, only to have him go berserk, hang a few people up on mist hooks, kidnap a child, and be destroyed

in a cave-in. The ape man's makeup was pretty ludicrous, and so was the film.

1971 saw the release of **THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES**, a very enjoyable black comedy starring Vincent Price. We found it great fun, but won't go into it here, as it's covered fully in issue 6. Another early effort by director Robert Fuest did not come off nearly as well. A tired version of **WUTHERING HEIGHTS** presented Anna Calder-Marshall and Timothy Dalton as the most bland and underdone Heathcliff and Cathy imaginable, although filmed in Brentwood, it gave the impression of having been made on the set. The style is pure TV-commercial — "perky".

ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES was one of the more interesting films in the series, but, again, due to limited space, we'll refer you back to issue 5, where we looked at all the **APES** picture to the **RELLINGTON PLACE** was a bit too strong for many viewers, as it covered the real-life homicidal career of the infamous Christie, and the pathetic story of an innocent simpleton who was executed for his murders, but sturdy substance will find it worthwhile for the remarkable performances of Richard Attenborough as Christie and John Hart as the luckless Evans VERY nasty, though Beware!

Top Right: Results of Bruce Darn's weird experiments in **THE INCREDIBLE TWO-HEADED TRANSPLANT**.

Below: The mystical gunslinger of **EL TOPO**.



MURDERS IN THE RUE MOROUS is a very complex, flawed, but ultimately very rewarding film, with an unusually strong cast, and skilful use of a theatrical environment. We would like to give it lengthier attention than is possible in this article, so we'll leave it for now, with a few stills to whet your appetite. Watch out for a colour feature in a future WOH.

An even more difficult film is Luis Bunel's **TRISTANA**, a touching, melancholy tale of the individual's yearning for love. Several scenes are weird enough to make it worth mentioning in the fantasy category, but, as usual with Bunel, it's extremely entertaining and pretty funny, so some will find it offensive.

Yet another in the "very peculiar" division is **PERFORMANCE**, directed by Donald Cammell and Nicholas Roeg, (who also provided the wonderful camera work). It features Mick Jagger as a retired rock superstar whose hot-house existence is invaded by a sadistic petty criminal on the run, James Fox. The two become fascinated with each other's life-styles, the spir is introduced to psychedelic drugs, and in the grim finale, there is a complete identity switch as the crook, being "taken for a ride," literally turns into the pop star (who is actually dead in the film). This one is not exactly light entertainment, and really needs more than one viewing to be appreciated, but it's worth the effort.

For a complete change of pace Disney Studios' **BEDKNOWS AND BROOMSTICKS** provided a very warmhearted view of World War II, the usual gruesome children, and a rather too liberal dose of the cutes throughout; however, its skilful combination of live action and animation walked off with a Hollywood Academy Award, and quite deservedly.



Opposite page: Mike Ravein tries hard in **LUST FOR A VAMPIRE**.

Above: Ralph Bates and Martin Bewick as **DR. JEKYLL & SISTER HYDE**.

Left: George C. Scott in **THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS**. Below: A heady frolic in **MURDERS IN THE RUE MOROUS**.



BLOOD FROM THE MUMMY'S TOMB was, sadly, Seth Horst's last directorial project, and was complicated at his death, by Michael Carreras. It's one of Hammer's most effective films, in our opinion. It takes quite a few liberties with Stoker's **JEWEL OF THE SEVEN STARS**, but the end result is a handsome, far more intelligent than usual treatment of the Mummy's revenge theme, with a few moments that are extremely frightening. Valerie Leon is a robust and convincing heroine, as Margaret Fuchs who is possessed by the spirit of the ancient sorceress queen, Tera (whose tomb was invaded by her father and his colleagues at the end of time of her birth). The rare Tera claims the life of Margaret's mother, and, as the girl grows to adulthood, employs her as an instrument for killing off the survivors of the expedition, and returning the plundered relics of the tomb. Yes, it's very familiar, but nicely handled, well acted on the whole, and a good little film.

Two adventures of the Los Angeles-based Count Yorga were released, to the great enthusiasm of many horror-fans: the first, **COUNT YORGA, VAMPIRE**, has a nice light touch, and as casual presentation makes the shocks, when they come, most effective. It seems that old hand-through-the-window bit never fails! — The sequel, **RETURN OF COUNT YORGA** is even more interesting, affirming our preoccupation with violent fantasy to protect ourselves from the horrors about us. One scene depicts a fancy-dress party where virtually every man present has decided himself out as a vampire, and another segment shows us Count Yorga at home, enjoying a screaming **THE VAMPIRE LOVERS** on telly. Good stuff, and Robert Quarry makes a fine, menacing monster, and although he lacks Christopher Lee's presence, Yorga is a far more interesting character than the tepid Hammer **DRACULA** of recent years. It's a pity that the low budget often shows through, particularly in the closing scenes of some of Yorga's undead slaves.

THE MEPHISTO WALTZ, with its tale of a musical family's demise (yet the devil had plenty of promise, but turned out a bit mislead and unsatisfying).

BREWSTER McCLOUD, directed by Robert Altman of **MASH** fame is a lovely tragicomedy about an unhappy youth who is determined to learn to fly as a rebellion against the dismal materialistic society that surrounds him. Perhaps it doesn't quite come off, but it's touching, amusing, and a good try.



The same might be said of **THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS**, a gentle story of a New York scientist (George C. Scott as his head, who, directorially, is the callousness of modern society, and the death of his wife, retreats into an elaborate fantasy world where he is Sherlock Holmes. A zoornomise psychiatrist (Joanne Woodward) is called in by the hero's obnoxious brother who wants to have him committed, to gain control of his fortune.

The doctor finds herself fascinated, and eventually falls in love with the ideologically madman. Accompanying him on his adventures in Manhattan (her surname, of course, is Watson), she discovers that "Holmes" is accepted completely by unhappy urbanites who want to believe in the reality of this noble character. A subplot of pursuit by "real" criminals, supported by the protagonist, is to Monterey and his minions is a bit too far-fetched, as is the climactic battle between an army of eccentrics and the forces of evil in a supermarket. Still, for at least half its length, it's real. Best-Movie-In-The-World material, beautifully acted, and worth seeing many times.

Scott also lends his considerable talent to another pellucid B-grade adaptation, a very sentimental treatment of **JANE EYRE** with Susanwale York as a toopretty and rather languid Jane, completely outclassed by Scott's straitlaced Mr. Rochester. One of the few interesting touches is the fact that Rochester's deranged wife is presented as an exotically beautiful girl, instead of the usually dung-smelled hag. This contrast goes for nothing though, as Mr. York's Jane is herself a conventional dolly. This one's no classic, but compared to the aforementioned desecration of **WUTHERING HEIGHTS** it's a passable entertainment.

THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN is a very stylish presentation of Michael Crichton's SF novel, with a sturdy cast (Kate Reid is outstanding, making the role of a crusty middle-aged scientist

for all it's worth). Unfortunately, despite its visual beauty, it lacks enough suspense to sustain it throughout a two-hour-plus running time. Still, far from a write-off.

I. MONSTER has come in for a lot of adverse criticism, but as we've missed the version of the Jekyll-Hyde tale, which starred Cushing, Lee, and Mike Raven we can't pass judgement. Some fans have said it's a neglected winner, with an unusual approach to the old thriller. It pops up fairly frequently at late shows, and should be worth investigating for Lee and Cushing, at least.

DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE, a tongue-in-cheek treatment of the same tale has Ralph Bates puzzling into Martin Bessick, when he puzzles that stuff. The transformations are well-handled, and the resemblance between the two actors quite striking. Roy Ward Baker directs with a light touch, and there's a violence aplenty, with a few weird gags along the line.

DRACULA A.D. 72 provides some real horse-laughs, but unfortunately, they are not intentional in the rather pathetic piece of work. Christopher Lee, as usual, is given very little to do, and spends his brief moments on-screen looking understandably cheesed off. Peter Cushing has a fair amount of the script, but as a rather thick descendant of the original Dr. Van Helsing, tone scale has him laboriously coming to the conclusion that **ALUCARD** reversed is **DRACULA**, complete with pencil, paper, and tongue-poked-out-in-concentration demeanor, there really isn't much he can do to help. Most of the time is devoted to an absurd gaggle of thirtysix "Swingin' London" fabgear "teenagers," many of whom are marfatically inhibited, before the Count is returned yet again to his unsung grave by the dedicated Van Helsing.

LUST FOR A VAMPIRE had some potential as a further exploration of LeFanu's **CARMILLA** mythos, and

sequel to **THE VAMPIRE LOVERS**, it falls apart quite early on, though, is reduced to low comedy by an increase therein, and "Strange Love," makes very little use of the talents of Barbara Jefford and a miscel Ralph Bates, and much use of the babble of the smothered Yvonne Scroggins. To give the lady due credit, they are highly presentable looks, but if it were not for the presence of the very terrible Mike Raven, in complicity to whom she comes off well, Mr. Scroggins would have to be classed as one of the most lethargic vampires of all time.

SCRODGE, a musical revival of A **CHRISTMAS CAROL**, is an overblown mess, complete with a sticky banal Lesle Brownian score. The script, however, is quite accurate Dickens, and the cast, headed by Albert Finney makes



Top Left: **RETURN OF COUNT YORGA** Might Be Giants

the most of the production Alec Guinness does a guest appearance as the charmed shade of Jacob Marley.

CRY OF THE BANSHÉE took a sympathetic look at practitioners of the Old Religion pitted against the persecution of a corrupt establishment, floridly repressed by Vincent Price. It's obviously a low budget quacker, and it's a great shame that there could not have been more accurately handled.

Elizabeth Bathory pops up yet again, in a very "any" look at lesbian vampirism in modern times, **DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS**. Though beautiful to look at, it's short on commercial thrills, but beware of the censor's heavy hand, evident in U.K. prints.



Above: **THE DEVILS** Below: **THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS**



THE HELLSTROM CHRONICLE is largely a documentary of insect life given SF flavour by now repeated scenes of a scientist delivering a doomday commentary about how the little persners will rule the earth long after mankind has done itself in. Very impressive colour, but can't seem to make up its mind on what message it wants to deliver.

HANDS OF THE RIPPER is another undistinguished Hammer effort, concerning the inheritance of Jack the Ripper's atrocious inclinations by his unhappy daughter Angharad Rees. The plot is flabby, with Eric Porter looking embarrassed as a shrink trying to study the effects of the girl's gressful past on her personal development, or to be continually interrupted in his studies by the fact that the little lady has run a happy-poker-broadward, accords or legitimize through yet another victim. An attempt is made to compensate for total lack of suspense by emphasizing the cruelty of the killings. There are the usual blathering minor characters, most of whom get "rubbed out," and doctor and patient are the casualty list in the final scene. Even the Edwardian "vibes," usually handled competently by Hammer are lacking in interest here. No good.

We'll close with mention of two Ken Russell gross-out extravaganzas: **THE MUSIC LOVERS**, a fiend psychological biography of Tchaikovsky, which has been criticised for its inaccuracy, but has plenty of visual impact. Russell no matter how irritating many people find his work, is seldom dull.

THE DEVILS is an even more elaborate example of this director's bizarre taste at work. Haxley is probably still spinning, but this grisly account of the "possession" of a convent full of hysterical, sex-mad nuns in London (led by Vanessa Redgrave as a randy hunchback) — and how it brought about the brutal execution of an innocent, if "worldly" priest, is definitely not going to send anyone off to sleep. The sadism will turn anyone off, but at least in this instance, the torture and violence is used to make a statement about intolerance and the wickedness that can come about by "religious" repression of emotion, and it cannot be dismissed as merely a turned-up exploitation flick. **THE DEVILS** is a fascinating experience.

Once again, we have run out of space, but we shall return, with more gills and commentaries on the fantasy films of bygone years. Don't forget, requests for future years to be covered are always welcome.

